McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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State Library

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR AND RACES A GREAT SUCCESS AND MAKING A BIG HIT WITH THE BIG CROWDS.

Exhibits, Interscholastic Meet, Horse Races, Midway and All Events are Popular.

IT'S BY FAR THE BEST EVER HELD IN THE COUNTY.

Smethport Wins the Interscholastic Meet by Close Margin.

COME IN, THE WEATHER IS FINE.

And so is the Water—If You are Not Among Those Present You are Missing the Time of Your Life—Thursday and Friday to be the Banner Days.

The fourth annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Association is by far, the greatest ever held in this county and there are few if any in the State that can equal it. The weather overhead has been simply ideal for the first two days and the only possible objection that can be raised is the dust, which raises in clouds on the slightest provocation, but there is plenty of good water on the grounds which keep the dust down and the track in first-class condition.

The officers and directors of this association have done noble work, in the face of many reverses, in making this fair the success it is and every man, woman and child in the county should feel indebted to them for all. Their work has been entirely without remuneration, the only reward being the satisfaction of success and in this they feel amply is paid.

TUESDAY.

The day was an ideal one for sporting events, even though the dust was a little more pronounced than was really desirable. The crowds began gathering early in the day and there was upwards of two thousand people on the grounds during the day, besides horses, exhibitors, performers and fakirs.

The leading feature of this day's program was the Interscholastic Field Day events and Eldred, Kane, Mt. Jewett, Port Allegany and Smethport had clever bunches of junior gladiators on the field for a lively contest and it turned out to be all that was expected.

Smethport won the meet with a score of 30 points; Kane was second, score 28 points; Port Allegany third, score 26 points; Mt. Jewett fourth with 18 points and Eldred fifth with 3 points. Following is the score of the winners in the various events:

Half-mile run—Smethport, Ottoson, 5 points; Gustafson, Kane, 3 points; St. Clair, Port Allegany, 1 point. Time 2:00.

Hurdle relay—Kane, Jefferson, Helff, McCoy, Scott, 5; Smethport, Apple, Lyons, Schoonmaker, Morrison, 3; Port Allegany, Laymon, Kinney, Hughes, Shurtz. Time 51½.

Shot put—Kane, Jefferson, 5; Port Allegany, Boudon, 3; Eldred, Stull, 1. 31 feet, 9½ feet.

One hundred yard dash—Mt. Jewett, Long, 5; Kane, DeYoung, 3; Port Allegany, Boudon, 1. Time 11½.

High jump—Mt. Jewett, Harding, 5; Kane, Clark, 3; Port Allegany, Stauffer, 1. Four feet, 9 inches.

Quarter mile run—Mt. Jewett, Long, 5; Smethport, Ottoson, 3; Port Allegany, Boudon, 1. Time 1 minute.

Pole vault—Port Allegany, Fiddler, 5; Kane, Clark 3 and Evans 1. Seven feet, 9 inches.

Cross country run, four miles—Smethport, Schoolar, 10, and Hogarth, 5; Kane, Gustafson, 4; Port Allegany, Fiddler, 3; Eldred, Hennigan, 2; sixth, one point did not qualify. Time 25 minutes, 50 seconds.

Broad jump—Port Allegany, Boudon, 5; Mt. Jewett, Harding, 3; Smethport, Chadwick, 1. Sixteen feet, 9½ inches.

Half-mile relay—Port Allegany, Fleming, Kinney, Hughes, Boudon; Smethport, Ottoson, Denning, Morrison, Sherburne, 3; Kane, Evans, Helff, Kneedler Moran, 1. Time 1 minute, 50 seconds.

The victory for Smethport was won on a narrow margin, but nevertheless was a great and rather unexpected victory. Kane has at least twice the scholars to pick from and therefore should have an advantage. By reviewing the winners in the various events it will be seen that Smethport got 29 out of its 30 points in the running races, which we think is due in a great measure to proper coaching and careful training. E. T. Newman who holds the world's record in a ten-mile cross country run made while in Cornell say, and years ago, has had the boys in charge for some time past and his good work showed in many instances on Tuesday. In the cross country run Smethport had the smallest and apparently the weakest boys of any entered but when it came to the finish they had the strength and wind for a spurt and Schoolar and Hogarth came down the home stretch nearly as fresh as though they just started.

Had it not been for an accident Smethport would have undoubtedly taken first, second and third in the cross country run. The course was once around the track, to King's corners, to Comey's barn, return to the track and around the track. As Brownell of Smethport and Gustafson of Kane were coming around the last turn, with Schoolar and Hogarth following closely, a belated runner came onto the track and started around the wrong way. He was weak and staggering and as he was about to pass Brownell he ran into him and Brownell fell, putting him out of the race. Schoolar and Hogarth spurted by Gustafson as soon as they came on the home stretch and there is every reason to believe that Brownell could have held his lead as easily, for he was apparently as fresh as his running mates.

The first horse race was the 2:24 pace for a purse of $300. Four horses started and it was won in straight heats by entries belonging to Oliver Cayanna of Buffalo. The summary:

Sabrina, b. m., by Nelson,
Oliver Cayanna, Buffalo, N.Y. 1 1 1
Bertie, b. m., by Chyrillon,
C. E. Arnold, Grovetand, Pa. 2 2 2
Stoney, br. g., by Stolo Wall;
D. G. Forman, Bradford, Pa. 3 3 4
Mayfield, ch. g., by Chimwa,
T. H. Moran, Olean, N. Y. 4 4 3
Time: 2:20¾, 2:21¼, 2:21½.

The next event was a five-eighths mile hurdle running race for a purse of $100, best two in three heats. Four horses entered and Somerville, owned by H. V. Colt of Genesee, N. Y., won in two straight heats. Summary:

Somerville, b. m.
H. V. Colt, Genesee, N. Y. 1 1
Julia C., br. m.,
H. B. Dodds, Mosco, N. Y. 4 3
Sandy, b. g.,
L. H. Rogers, Groveland, N. Y. 2 4
Parker, blk. g.,
A. A. Gardner, Mt. Morris, N. Y. 3 2
Time: 1:00, 1:08.

WEDNESDAY.

Grange Day was ideal and the attendance was much larger than Tuesday reaching the 3500 mark. Four races were on the program and were pulled off, giving good sport for all. Each race was won in straight heats but they were exciting to the finish.

The summary of the 2:30 trot, purse $200, follows:

Blanch, b. m.,
W. T. Reynolds, Union Springs, Pa. 1 1 1
Prince Alexis, by Peter the Great
S. Lyman, Lockport, N. Y. 3 2 2
King Bell, by Conbell
G. D. Sykes, Buffalo, N. Y. 4 3 4
Star King, by Mettlus
Houghs & Benson, Buffalo, N. Y. 5 5 3
George Bellsire, by Bell Sire
Wm. Cobb, Wellsville, N. Y. 6 4 5
Fannie Anderson, by Obi
John Besse, Portville, N. Y. 2 6 6
Best time 2:25¼.

The summary of the 2:17 pace, purse $300, follows:

Rejoyful Chimes, by Chimes
Houghs & Benstead, Buffalo 1 1 1
Bert Blake, by Blake
Fred Rice, Wellsville, N. Y. 2 2 3
Gay Phillis, by Gryton
S. Lyman, Lockport, N. Y. 4 6 2
May Tell, by Acell
R. Murry, Wellsville, N. Y. 3 3 5
May Queen, by Venture
Pat Mulqueen, Bradford, Pa. 6 4 4
The Mariner, by Mountaineer
C. H. Olcott, Buffalo 5 5 6
Queen Chimes, by Conniele Chimes
Wm. Cobb, Wellsville, N. Y. 7 7 7
Best time 2:19½.

Summary of the five-eighths mile run and repeat, purse $125:

Gay Lord, b. m.
G. H. Besch, Kennmore, N. Y. 1 1
Yardarm, ch. g.
Reynolds, Union Springs, N. Y. 2 2
Kitty B., ch. m.
Steven Lucas, DuBois, Pa. 3 3
Best time, 1:06½.

Summary of half-mile hurdle, purse $100:

Sandy, b. g.
L. H. Rogers, Groveland, N. Y. 1 1
Somerville, b. m.
H. V. Colt, Genesee, N. Y. 3 2
Parker, blk. g.
A. A. Gardner, Mt. Morris, N. Y. 2 3
Julia C., br. m.
H. B. Dodds, Mosco, N. Y. 4 4
Best time 51 sec.

THE LIVE STOCK EXHIBITS.

Although this year premiums are only awarded to McKean county stock, this department is larger than in any previous year, which shows conclusively that our fairs are having the right influence with stock raisers. There are twice as many horses on exhibition this year as there have been at any previous fair and they seem to be of a much higher standard. One would have to go a long ways to find a better collection of stallions, mares and colts than are to be found here. The cattle department has fallen off slightly from last year by the limiting to McKean county, but the number from this county far exceeds previous years and the standard is high or according to our judgment. The sheep exhibit is small but some good specimens are shown. Many of the classes in the swine department are filled and the standard of stock seems to improve every year. In the poultry department are some of the finest pens, pairs and single birds ever shown in the State. That McKean county raises some of the finest poultry in the United States is a well established fact.

FARM PRODUCE.

The exhibits in this line comprise some exceptionally fine specimens of many varieties. The numbers are not large but what they lack in numbers they make up in quality. The canned goods and culinary department is much larger than ever before with unusually good specimens.

THE BOOTHS.

The booths this year contain exceptionally attractive articles. The school department has a large display of specimens of writing, drawing and color work. The fancy-work department has the finest display of needlework that has ever been shown here. The Chinese drawn work loaned by Miss Alice Small and the Raffia baskets loaned by Mrs. James McGuire, are attracting a great deal of attention. J. C. Backus has an excellent display of his patent hat, coat and umbrella racks. The Electrical Toy Co. of Smethport has a good line of their goods on exhibition. The Smethport Cut Glass Co. are displaying a fine line of its ware. The De Laval Separator Co. is showing its wares together with a silver cup which is to be awarded to the person making the best butter from cream separated with their machines.

THE MIDWAY.

The department of amusement is by far the largest ever seen in this section and comprises some unusually good shows. There is the merry-go-round, the ocean wave, the Chubback wheel of revolving swing, the five nickle penny-in-the-slot galleries, two or three shooting galleries, three or four freak shows, six or seven vaudeville and concert attractions, numerous fortune tellers, palmists and soothsayers of various nationalities, numerous lunch and soft drink counters and dining tents, candy stands, pop corn and hokey-pokey vendors, grab wagons and other diversions too numerous to mention. All are giving their patrons their money's worth and are enjoying a good business. It is a clean, wholesome midway which is well worth your time and money required for a thorough inspection.

THE FREE VAUDEVILLE.

The fair managers are certainly to be congratulated for securing such an excellent variety in this department. There are four of these attractions and they fill in every spare moment, making the fair and races one continued round of pleasure. The Kishizuma Troupe of Japanese acrobats are extremely clever and have made a great hit with their audiences each day. They are six in number and the four little boys in the troupe, ranging from 6 to 14 years of age, won the hearts of the audience from the very start with their extremely difficult acts. The Creole Quartette with their old-fashioned southern melodies take well and receive their share of applause. The trick bicycle rider is a very good performer. The lacrosse games by the Seneca Reservation Indians is a novel entertainment and has made a decided hit. The Seneca Indian band, while hardly up to the standard of professional bands, furnishes good music and gives good satisfaction. The Port Allegany band will enliven things to-day and to-morrow.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 12, 1908:

C. H. Farger, (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

MISS CARRIE CLARK.
1m7

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Civil Court News.

A few weeks ago notice was brought in every county in Pennsylvania to restrain county officials from enforcing the provisions of the 2-cent rate law so far as the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg railroad is concerned. In McKean county, F. D. Gallup, Esq., presented the company's case to the court and Judge Bouton acted upon promptly. A decision was handed down on Saturday last. Judge Bouton finds that the law as drafted does not apply to the B., R. & P. railroad company, and an injunction is granted restraining county officers from enforcing the compliance with the act on the part of that corporation. This decision is the first one rendered in the Commonwealth on this question and will doubtless be followed by other similar decisions in the other counties.

The case brought against W. D. Hatch brought by "Walter Burr by his father and next friend, R. Burr, and R. Burr, in his own right" was finished to-day, a verdict being rendered for Walter Burr in the sum of $50 and for R. Burr, the father, the sum of $500. A motion was made for a new trial. This is the cartridge case to which reference has previously been made. The parties belong in Bradford.

In the case of Henry Hamlin and John Forrest vs. Edward and Mary Nany for ejectment, a verdict for the plaintiffs, that land described in writ released upon payment of $514.05 within a period six months, was given.

Proceedings in the case of Allen Oviatt vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., for loss of sheep, had been commenced when action before the court ceased owing to settlement negotiations.

A verdict for $1,829.92 was awarded to Clement Jungers against the White Sulphur Lumber Co.

Mr. Brittain Dies from Injuries.

William Henry Brittain, died at the home of his son-in-law, Walter Daly on Mechanic street, this borough, on Friday night, September 11, aged nearly 76 years.

His death was the result of injuries he received on the morning of August 25, when he was struck by a P., S. & N. engine near the creamery. His skull was fractured and one foot was crushed, but for a time it was thought that he would recover. Later gangrene set in which caused his death.

The object of this sketch was born in St. Martins, New Brunswick, Canada on December 3, 1832. On December 17, 1854, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah J. Tabor, and this union was blessed by eight children, five of whom are living, namely: Mrs. Levi Sherwood of Fort Fairfield, Maine, Mrs. H. W. Talbot of Waltham, Mass., Stephen Brittain of Toledo, Ohio, Mrs. F. C. Cameron of Somerville, N. Y. and Mrs. Walter Daly of this place.

The deceased was a shoemaker by trade which business he followed in St. Martins until 1880, when he moved to Massachusetts and in 1892 he came to McKean county and engaged in the lumber business, near Smethport.

In the sixteen years Mr. Brittain has resided in this vicinity he has made many friends who will unite with the sorrowing family in mourning the loss of a kind and indulgent father and a true friend.

The funeral services were held at the home of Walter Daly on Monday at 2 p. m., Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the M. E. church, officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Automobile Accident.

Aaron Helman of Clermont had a narrow escape from death in an automobile which he was driving last Sunday evening. As it was he escaped with a broken collar bone and several severe scratches and bruises, which will lay him up for several days at least.

In company with another gentleman, he was driving toward Smethport from Port Allegany and at a narrow place in the road he met another automobile. Mr. Helman took the lower side of the road, driving as close to the edge of the embankment as possible, and stopped while the other passed. The automobile had hardly got by when Mr. Helman felt the embankment giving away under his machine and jumped out on the lower side, thinking he would hold the machine up, which he might have done, he being a powerful man, had he struck on solid ground. But he landed in a barbed wire fence and before he could get hold of the machine it overturned on him and rolled over two or three times down the steep hillside.

Mr. Helman picked himself up and took inventory of his anatomy. He found his left collar bone was not in good working order, besides numerous scratches and bruises. His companion, however, had escaped without the slightest injury. The automobile was so badly demolished that he left it and started for Smethport in a conveyance propelled by a sturdy farm horse.

Dr. Chadwick reduced the fracture of the collar bone and otherwise patched him up and he drove home that night. The following day Frank H. Beech came down from Clermont, got the automobile and took it home for repairs.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Correspondence from the Army of the Potomac says that very little fighting took place on the 7th inst. at Farmville. There was some skirmishing between the enemy's rear guard and the 2nd Corps, with the 2d division of cavalry, the result being unimportant. Lee had intended to fall back to Dalgville, but being cut off by one force getting to Burkesville, he changed his course and started towards Lynchburg. Part of his army passed through Farmville on the morning of the 7th. After crossing the Appomattox the bridges were burned and before our troops could get over, the enemy had taken a position a mile from the river, where they erected works and made a stand, in order to allow their wagon train to get out of the way.

On this side of the river, just outside the town, a division of cavalry had taken up a position, determined to annoy our advance while reconstructing the bridge.—The 3rd division, under General Crook attacked them vigorously, driving them back some distance, but they had a force dismounted lying in ambush which poured a severe fire into our men as they advanced to the second attack, and they were compelled to fall back on their support. The loss on both sides was very light. The 2d Corps soon after crossed, and pushing on after the enemy, drove them behind newly built breastworks. Gen. Smyth was severely and it is believed mortally wounded, in leading the charge.

This was a sad loss to the command, and every man feels the loss as a personal one. A more gallant soldier never served his country, and he not only ranked high for bravery in the field, but as a gentleman and a friend he was beloved by all who knew him.

The loss in the 2d Corps during the day will be some 150 men mostly of Smyth's brigade. In the morning, before the enemy crossed the river, twelve guns were taken from them, and afterwards six more, making eighteen during the day, and about 2000 prisoners. The number of prisoners taken on the 6th is put down at 7,700, almost entirely of Kershaw's and Curtis Lee's divisions.

The correspondent, after giving further details of events, but which have mainly been published through official sources says the field where the surrender took place was almost covered with the enemy's dead, all of them nearly being shot in the head, and upper part of the body. The position was a very favorable one for them, but our artillery had a good range on an adjoining hill, and our men charged on the enemy with such impetuosity the guns were buy-nuted before they lost their fight breastworks. The road for miles was strewn with broken down wagons, caissons and luggage of all kinds, presenting a scene seldom witnessed on the part of Lee's army. Our loss on the 6th will sum up to about 1000 in killed and wounded, the 6th Corps suffering hardest.

Another letter, dated April 8th 1865 says: Stragglers are found scattered all along the line of march, and as the troops pass they come in and surrender themselves, expressing their determination to fight no longer, as they consider the rebellion as good as over. Four guns were brought in this morning, besides a long train of ambulances, many containing wounded, who were placed in the hospital and cared for.

Gen. Gordon sent four surgeons through the lines this afternoon, asking that they will be allowed to minister to the wants of those left behind on the road, but as we have plenty of such help they will be returned to their army in the morning. Gen. Hayes was relieved from his command of the 2nd Division of the 2d Corps yesterday for tardiness in moving his command in obedience to orders.

Another letter, dated the 9th of April says: Notwithstanding the correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee, yesterday, which led all to expect a formal surrender this morning, the latter exerted all his energies to escape the net laid for him. He marched rapidly all yesterday afternoon and evening until he ran against Sheidan at Appomattox Court House, when a sharp fight ensued, resulting in the capture of a number of prisoners and checking their retreat. The 24th and 5th Corps were close up in support of the cavalry, and during the night took up a strong position across the road, and on the south side of the Appomattox river on the north, cutting him off from retreat in that direction. Early this morning Sheridan attacked vigorously, and for some time a brisk engagement was carried on.

About 9 a. m. a flag of truce appeared in front of his line, and he was informed that hostilities had been suspended, in order to arrange terms of surrender. This was caused by an agreement made by Gen. Lee consenting to a cessation of firing, so as to communicate with Gen. Grant, and was done, it is said, without proper authority. Gen. Sheridan's adjutant general was allowed to come down through the rebel column to communicate with Gen. Meade, who stated that he knew of no such arrangements, and that he was about to move forward in accordance with his previous instructions. General Lee, however, sent another message, desiring to have an interview with General Grant, to arrange the terms of surrender, and Gen. Meade was then obliged to grant a two hour's armistice in order to communicate with Gen. Grant, who had moved around to the left during the night. The two hours expired without any result, and Lieut. Col. Whittier of Gen. Wright's staff, came in and reported the terms arranged and the papers signed, when the greatest excitement prevailed throughout our lines, cheer upon cheer rending the air. Soon after, General Meade and staff, with other officers, rode along the line of the 2d and 6th Corps, and they were greeted with the most enthusiastic shouts, the men throwing their hats in the air and fairly dancing with joy. No such scene has ever before been witnessed in this army, and the thanks of the whole country are due to the brave men and their heroic commanders, who have achieved such a great and glorious victory.

(continued)

A Brutal Assault.

A dispatch from Shinglehouse, dated Sept. 11, says: Mrs. Joseph Wolcott was attacked Tuesday evening and brutally assaulted by two masked men. Joseph Wolcott with his wife and one young son lives on a small farm near Coons Crossing in the locality known as Bee's Hollow. About five o'clock the wife went to drive the cows home and when but a short distance from her home, the fiends sprang from the bushes near the road side bound, gagged and assaulted her. When the father came from his work he found their little one alone in the fast approaching darkness, no supper was prepared. After waiting a short time the husband took a lantern and went in search of the missing woman. He had not gone far when he heard low and agonized groans. A short distance from the path leading across the field he found the helpless victim still bound and gagged and unconscious, hurled beneath a heap of brush.

Mrs. Wolcott does not believe that she had ever seen the men before but she thinks she would be able to identify them. She is prostrated by the terrible shock and the entire community is incensed over the awful deed. Searching parties are out trying to find the offenders and the probability and hope is that they will be located. Mrs. Wolcott is a comely, young woman between thirty and thirty-five years of age.

Indications point to the belief that the offenders belonged to the locality and that they knew the woman. Also in the habit of going after the boys at about that time as they seemed to be there for the express purpose of waylaying her and were prepared with extra clothing. It appears that one of the men kept the cows back on the hillside thus compelling the woman to leave the well worn beaten road. When attacked by the one who was hidden by the path, she fought so fiercely that he was obliged to whistle for his companion to his assistance and together they overpowered, bound, gagged and chloroformed her. Mrs. Wolcott's two brothers, Konrad and Lee Smith spent the entire night looking for the criminals and they will make every possible effort to capture and punish the fiends.

Bee's Hollow, the scene of the tragedy is about one mile from this borough.

Brickwork Started on Paving Job.

Yesterday morning the work of laying brick was started on the Main street paving job, and it looks now as though the work would be rushed to completion.

Contractor Clipp has run up against numerous little difficulties which have caused a good deal of delay in the aggregate, but Mr. Clipp is a man who does not lay down in the face of reverses and he will put the work through in good time if any man can.

Owing to the scarcity of water the Water Company was forced to shut him off on water the latter part of last week, but this did not stop his running the concrete mixers for only a few hours. He got tanks on wagons and drew water to keep the machine going. In the meantime he installed a pipe line, attached a pump and has kept the work in progress ever since.

The little stretch which is covered with brick shows conclusively that when the work is completed Smethport will have one of the most beautiful Main streets in the state.

For Sale

Lumber and lath. I will sell good sound hemlock lumber, cut from live timber. In length from 8 to 18 feet 1 and 2 in., all breadths at $15 per thousand, lath at $3.50 per thousand. At my mill on Coke Creek, Farmers Valley, Pa. Charles L. Palmer.

Skating rink was open evenings this week. After this week, afternoons from 2:30 to 5:30, evenings from 7 to 10:30. Admission for adults 5c, skates 20c. School children will be allowed admission and skates for 10c afternoons.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Orange Blossoms

By

FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1908, by Frank H. Sweet.

HIRAM JUDSON was disturbed. It was not business matters alone that troubled him, but a mixture of business and family matters. He cordially detested the combination, having endeavored to raise his children, particularly his son Fred, in simple honesty and without too much knowledge of business life from the speculative side.

He did not know whether to be glad or sorry that he had read all the new novels dealing with the stock market entanglements and gone to modern business plays appearing at the theater. It was one thing to have knowledge of the realistic side of dealing in stocks for his own sake and quite another to discover through this wisdom disagreeable complications involving his son, his trusted stenographer, Miss Alice Cresswell, and heaven only knew how many more. His wife and daughter might be pitted against him for all he knew. Such things were common in the books he had read and the plays he had seen.

It was shortly after he began cornering the orange market that the discovery was made. He remembered but vaguely the first instance when his attention had been drawn to a strip of white paper lying upon the stenographer's desk, on which a number of characters from the typewriter were inscribed.

He paid no particular attention to the matter at the time, but since then the strips of paper had appeared more frequently. Yesterday he had discovered a new one, and when Miss Cresswell was out to lunch his suspicions led him to examine her desk, disclosing several more.

Judson held the strips of paper in his fingers. They were apparently innocent, and all bore a harmless series of typewriter characters. The one he had discovered the previous day had the following marks upon it:

28NN 897 N7+; 5?76@ 6@5 $2@;8?

The more he looked at the odd characters upon the strips of paper the more Judson felt within him that he had stumbled upon an incriminating

DISTURBED UPON AN INCRIMINATING FIND.

cipher. Perspiration was the solution of a plot. The [illegible] in his ears increased [illegible].

The idea made him shudder, for he had a suspicion that his son Fred had left the incriminating paper on Miss Cresswell's desk. It had appeared there shortly before she went to lunch when Fred was in the room, and within five minutes after he left Miss Cresswell put on her jacket rather hastily and followed.

He had the Florida orange crop well in hand, but there was a hitch in the southern California product. Matters had to be handled skillfully, and a little information placed in certain hands would undoubtedly ruin him at this particular time. He had always had perfect confidence in Miss Cresswell. She was the daughter of a former business associate who had failed, and Judson had given the girl work in his office, which she needed badly. His son, of course, was the apple of his eye and would ultimately fall heir to his immense fortune. Fred was just finishing up his law studies and had never dabbled in stocks—at least to his father's knowledge. He had no money to dabble in them with, and yet—those books—those plays!

"I wish I had never read those books or seen those plays," said Judson to himself. "I would rather my son would rob me of my last penny than that I should distrust him for a single moment."

With this he tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, but the cipher had done its work.

He could make nothing of the characters on the paper strips. The question mark at the close of the one he had found the previous day he took literally. Somebody wanted to know something. Miss Cresswell knew his secrets thoroughly. Was Fred trying to sell him out? The question fairly burned into his brain.

Next day Judson was on the alert. Fred came into the office shortly before noon, as usual, and they passed customary greetings. The young man apparently paid no attention to Miss Cresswell, yet Judson observed him leave a strip of paper on her desk. The girl studied it intently, while to all appearances going on with her typewriting.

Fred left the office, and in a short time Judson saw Miss Cresswell slip the paper under her notebook and prepare to leave. When she had gone Judson rushed eagerly to get the paper.

He examined it as closely as he had done the others, but the characters were Greek to him. Today they were as follows:

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

$700983 23 7&&343 59%@8.

He compared the strip with the one he had found the day previous. The only possible clew was a repetition of the group of characters "59%@8." The combinations were apparently without rhyme or reason, and he was completely baffled.

It took some time before he could bring himself to decisive action, yet the following day he expected to draw into his control the outstanding product which meant his success or failure in cornering the orange market. He knew he must act immediately if at all.

When the girl returned he decided to make the first test.

"I noticed this little slip of paper blow on to the floor after you left, Alice," he observed, striving to speak kindly and without emotion. "Is it anything that you care about?"

He watched her carefully and saw the color mount to her cheeks.

"No—no—it is nothing," she stammered in confusion. "I was just cleaning up the machine a little and wanted to see if these characters were clear."

She attempted to speak quietly, but her eyes did not seek his with their usual directness.

His heart sank at her perfidy. The type was the same as that on her machine, but he knew that Fred and not Miss Cresswell had written them, undoubtedly on the same kind of type-

THE GIRL STUDIED IT INTENTLY.

writer in some other office. What office? Was there a similar typewriter in the law school?

A hundred questions came into his mind, but he decided first of all to consult a cipher expert and see if the riddle could be solved that way. Gathering the strips of paper together, he went up to an office in the same building where he knew a man named Farquahar, who was up on such things.

Farquahar greeted him cordially. He knew there was something important on hand when he received a visit from Hiram Judson.

"I have a little problem here for you to unravel," said Judson, speaking firmly. Farquahar could see that he was greatly wrought up.

"What make of typewriter is this?" was Farquahar's first question examining the slips.

Judson told him he believed it was exactly similar to the one in his office.

"I can tell you one thing about this cipher immediately," said Farquahar decisively. "It is either a very easy one or a very shrewd one. I could perhaps tell immediately if I saw the machine on which it was written or one exactly like it. Is your office vacant at the present time?"

Judson nodded.

"Well, let us go down there now, and I will take a look at it."

They went out to the elevator to descend, and Judson mopped his fore-head with his handkerchief. After all, he asked himself, did he want to know what the characters all meant? He had half a mind to write Farquahar a check for $50 and tell him to leave the job alone.

But Farquahar bustled actively into the office ahead of him, whose the janitor was engaged in sweeping.

"Let this go tonight, John," said Judson. He closed the door after the janitor.

Farquahar looked at the machine carefully.

"You might as well watch this little experiment," he said. "If it succeeds

"NO—NO—IT IS NOTHING."

it will save me a trip to the sales office to see other machines."

Judson sank on a chair helplessly. He could not remember when he had been so nervous in years.

"You observe," said the [illegible] this typewriter has two [illegible]. One gives you all cap[illegible] the other when pressed gives you all figures and characters. It is apparent that in writing these strips of paper the character key was pressed down. It is possible that the characters stand for the letters that would appear if the other shift had been used. We will see."

Judson, in a daze, saw him pick up the strip which he had tried to puzzle out the day before, bearing the following figures and characters:

2&&& 697 ; ?= 59%@6 @5 $2@ ;8?

He held his breath as the experiment progressed. Farquahar pressed down the capital shift key and fastened it in place. Then he began to strike the keys containing the figures and characters on the strip.

First he struck the figure 2 and obtained the corresponding capital W. Then he struck the figure 8 and got a capital I. Then he struck the two characters && and obtained two capital L's.

"Ah, I think we are on the right track!" he said quickly. Judson jumped nervously.

"You see the capital shift gives us a word, according to my theory. The word is 'will.' When the other shift is down, it inscribes 28&&. Now we will go on further."

Judson watched in fear and trembling as the expert continued. When Farquahar had finished he handed the sheet of paper to Judson.

"Evidently the other strips will have

"WILL YOU LUNCH TODAY AT SWAN'S?"

to be translated before the connection is obtained," he observed.

Judson read the sentence with blurred eyes:

"Will you lunch today at Swan's?"

Then his senses awoke.

"Give me another," he asked, holding out a nervous hand.

Farquahar had already tapped it off: "Suppose we try Fuller's today?"

A great light broke in upon Judson. "Yes, I understand," he almost shouted. "I see the whole thing now." His face was fairly illumined.

"Must be good news," said Farquahar, noting the marked change.

Judson did not reply, but turned around to his desk and scratched off a check for $50.

"Don't translate any more," he ordered, handing the check over to Farquahar. "Just show me how that blamed thing works, and I'll find out for myself what the young rascal's been up to."

Farquahar was completely in the dark, but he made the required explanations and left the office with Judson punching at the typewriter with his big, heavy fingers.

As he progressed Judson's enthusiasm grew. He became more animated as each strip was translated and occasionally burst out into almost boyish laughter. When he had finished he had made out the following sentences at the end of about an hour's hard work picking on the typewriter:

"Must keep dad in the dark awhile longer."

"Wait till the deal in oranges is over with."

"Will meet you at the doorway this noon."

"Am sure he doesn't suspect us, sweetheart."

"Will be my own boss when I get into law practice."

Hiram Judson was somewhat of an old-fashioned man, and his heart was what is commonly known as "in the right place." He sat quietly in his chair for some time, occasionally wiping his eyeglasses frequently, in fact. He thought over his lifelong acquaintance with Jim Cresswell, Alice's father. They were men of the same

HE BURST INTO ALMOST BOYISH LAUGHTER.

stamp, and he knew the girl was worthy of any young man, although penniless. He crumpled the strips of paper in his hand, and his throat grew dry as he thought of his distress.

"Blast these modern business stories!" he ejaculated, rising from his chair.

The next day Hiram Judson was the big man of the street, for he had succeeded in cornering the orange market. Strangers had his name upon their lips, and friends showered compliments upon him, but the greatest pleasure of all to him was a quiet little surprise of his own.

He absented himself from the office at a time when he knew Fred would be there and, summoning a messenger boy, sent up a little package he had carefully arranged.

It was addressed to Alice, and, with Fred bending over her shoulder, she opened it. The package contained flowers, and accompanying them was a slip bearing the following inscription:

0&3@$3 @7?305 %: *4@57&@589 ;$ 49.

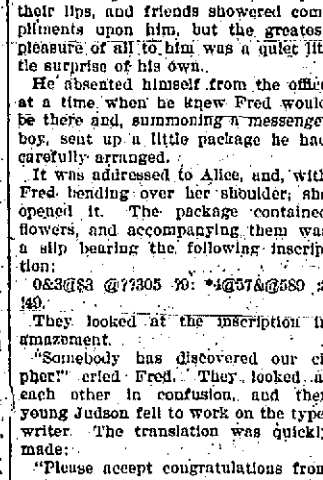
They looked at the inscription in amazement.

"Somebody has discovered our cipher!" cried Fred. They looked at each other in confusion, and then young Judson fell to work on the typewriter. The translation was quickly made:

"Please accept congratulations from dad."

Both colored violently, and then Fred put his arms proudly around the girl and kissed her fervently.

"Oh, Fred, do you understand?" whispered the girl, drawing the half



"OH, FRED, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

crushed flowers up till their odor was penetrating.

"Yes," answered Judson, holding her closely. "Yes, Alice, I know."

For the flowers which good, old fashioned Hiram Judson had sent were orange blossoms.

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The SPORTING WORLD

Jordon May Go to Reds.

It is rumored that Managers Ganzel of the Cincinnati Nationals and Donovan of the Brooklyns have been arranging a deal whereby Hans Lobert will go to Brooklyn in exchange for Tim Jordan. Next season Ganzel will be a bench manager, and so Cincinnati will have to have a first sacker. The club's scouts have not been able to find

TIM JORDAN, FIRST BASEMAN OF THE BROOKLYN NATIONALS.

a good man in the minors to take Ganzel's place, and negotiations have been opened with the Brooklyns for Jordan, with a fair chance of their going through.

It is said that Lobert is dissatisfied with the Reds and would be willing to play in Brooklyn. Hans is such a heavy rapper that Donovan could utilize the light sticking McMillan at short and place Lobert on third.

Pitchers Still an Important Factor.

If pitchers are to be the determining factor in the great race of the major leagues for the championships, then on the performances of the season Pittsburg in the National and Detroit in the American look the most promising. In the tables showing the records of all pitchers who have pitched five or more games the pretty Detroit staff is placed at .500 per cent of victories or better. Willett leading the league with three others among the first fifteen winners of the circuit. In the National Pittsburg has four pitchers among the first fifteen, with Leifield, who has been out of condition so far this season, coming back strong. Neither St. Louis in the American nor New York or Chicago in the National makes as good a showing in pitchers.

Schreck and Johnson to Fight.

Mike Schreck of Cincinnati and Jack Johnson, the colored heavyweight, have been matched to box twenty rounds at the National Sporting club in London on Oct. 10. Frank Kelly, who now is managing Schreck, has received word to that effect from the club's American representative.

Schreck and Johnson will fight for the world's heavyweight championship, Jeffries now calling the title. Tommy Burns having refused to meet [illegible] reasonable conditions. They will receive a purse of $5,000 and all expenses.

One Armed Golf Players.

It is popularly supposed that golf can only be played properly by people with two arms, but the lie has been given to this theory by the extraordinary success of Haskins, the Hoylake (London) professional. Haskins took up the challenge of Ivor Botcazou, the one armed professional at La Boulie, to play against any one armed man of any nation. No one, however, has been Botcazou. His score was 80, Haskins' 99. Haskins' record for Hoylake (London) course is 78.

Hickman With Toledo.

After twelve years in the majors "Cheerful" Charles Hickman recently went to Toledo of the American association. Hickman has all along insisted that he would quit baseball if Cleveland decided on his sale to the minors, but a fat four year contract changed his mind. Hickman has played with the Boston Nationals, New York Giants, Boston Americans, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Washington and Cleveland a second time.

Duffy Developer of Talent.

Hugh Duffy of the Providence club of the Eastern league is certainly a developer of talent. Last season he took McConnell, McQuillin and Lord and gave the youngsters the benefit of his inside experience, so that the boys have more than held their own in fast company this season. Judging from the way his team has played for the last two weeks, it looks as if Duffy would have several good boys ripe for the majors next season.

Football Coach Nielsen Re-engaged.

Fred K. Nielsen has again been secured to direct football matters at George Washington university. Nielsen comes from the University of Nebraska and coached the G. W. U. eleven last fall. Since the majority of last year's team will again be in college it is expected by followers of the buff and blue that a good eleven will be forthcoming this year.

Shrubb Has Turned Golfer.

Alfred Shrubb, the great distance runner, has turned golfer. Golf should be a useful pastime in helping him to get ready for his big professional games that are to come, as it necessitates plenty of cross country walking.

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefitted we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Port Allegany.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Fishing Worms.

Perhaps not one boy in twenty while digging earthworms for fishing bait stops to wonder what they were made for and how many there are in the ground. The attention of Darwin, the famous naturalist, was attracted to the subject when he was a boy, and one of the last articles he wrote was a treatise on the vast importance of the earthworms to the human race. The scientific world was astonished at what he said. The fertility of the soil is due to the labors of these insignificant creatures. By penetrating the soil in every direction and depositing their remains in it they keep it fertile. Their number is surprisingly large. In old pastures the estimate is 22,000 to the acre and in well cultivated gardens upward of 50,000 to the acre. It is said that in the rich pasture lands near Auckland, New Zealand, there are from 400,000 to 800,000 to the acre. Were it not for the earthworms soils would become barren and half the world would die of starvation. That seems to be a strong statement, but it is made with all the authority of science behind it.

About Bird Music.

A good deal of attention has been given within the last few years to the study of bird music, and some really remarkable discoveries have been made in comparing it with human music, says the Chicago News. Strange to say, the most remarkable of these applies to a bird that is not ranked as a song bird at all, the common wood pewee, whose structural development is quite below that of the real singers. This bird, with no other material than the few plaintive, disconnected notes and phrases that haunt the midsummer woods, has constructed as its morning and evening song the form of music known to us as the ballad. The ballad has a certain symmetrical arrangement, in which repetition plays an important part, repetition of comparatively few phrases, and the wood pewee has made its song of this form, singing it over and over in strict time, as though it had so many verses to sing before uttering the final note.

Rural Spillikins—An English Game.

Collect a number of straws, stand them up so as to meet at the top and spread out like a tent or haystack at the bottom. Get two nice little sticks, make a hook at the end of each with a crooked pin or else find little hooked sticks. Each player takes a hook in turn and tries to remove a straw without shaking or throwing down any of the others. The one who succeeds in removing a straw under these difficulties counts one. She who gets most straws wins the game. Sometimes children mark two or three straws, calling them king, queen or bishop. The king, safely removed, counts four, the queen three and the bishop two. The straws thus named should be larger than the others or have a tiny [illegible] in their hot low wise to distinguish them from the plain spillikins.

America in the Sky.

A remarkable celestial photograph was taken some time ago by an astronomer at Heidelberg. Strange as it may seem, it is the picture of a nebula in the constellation Cygnus (the Swan) that closely resembles the outline map of North America. The glowing nebula represents the form of the continent, with the dark background of the heavens surrounding it as the ocean surrounds the land. The tapering toward the south, the great gap made by the gulf of Mexico and the curve of the coast of Central America and the isthmus are all to be seen. The astronomer that took the photograph has named it the "America nebula." This is the first celestial object that has been named after one of the great divisions of the earth.—Chicago News.

Elephant Housebreakers.

Several elephants belonging to a circus which had been visiting Bournemouth, England, were passing through Christchurch when two of their number walked into a corn dealer's yard.

One of the animals smashed open a door of the corn store, but found that the entrance was not wide enough to admit the body. The smaller elephant, however, managed to get into the store and quickly devoured a quantity of dog biscuits and kept tossing some of them into the roadway for the benefit of the other elephants, who could not secure them otherwise.

The depredation was stopped by the arrival of the keeper, who had to recompense the corn dealer for his loss.

The First Telescope.

It is said that the celebrated Roger Bacon was acquainted with the properties of the lens and that one Leonard Digges about 1573 arranged glasses so that he could see distant objects. But it seems that the first practical telescope was made by Galileo, January, 1610.—New York American.

The Reason Why.

When Bobby was a country boy he had the greatest fun.
With naught to do the livelong day, he lived out in the sun.
He rolled upon the grass, and he sprawled beneath the trees.
His clothes were old; his stockings, too, had extra double knees.
He grew as sturdy as could be. His hands and face grew brown.
His mother said, "You'll lose your tan when we go back to town."
When Bobby was a city boy he had to go to school
And study, oh, so very hard when days and nights grew cool.
His breakfast he would hurry through and off to school would race.
His mother said, "I believe you haven't taken time to wash your face."
And Bobby, growing very red, yet spoke up like a man,
"I'm 'frald to wash my face, mamma; for fear I'll lose my tan."

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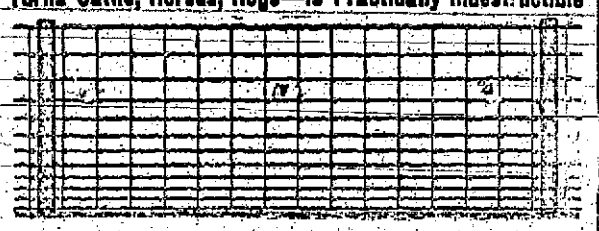

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 17, 1908

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The fair and races are the best ever.

—G. W. Mitchell is having his house repainted and otherwise improved.

—Bernard E. Forstein, a well-known business man of Brookville, Pa., killed himself by blowing his brains out with a shotgun last Thursday night.

—The fire has been lighted in the Consolidated Window Glass Co.'s plant at Mt. Jewett and the workmen expect to start making glass a week from Saturday.

—A new cement walk has been laid in front of Sanford L. Fry's residence on West Main street. The work was done by Egan & Herriman and is an excellent piece of work.

—Dan Farr of Clermont fell off a horse near his home on Sunday and fractured two ribs on his right side. Dr. Chadwick was called and reduced the fractures. Mr. Farr will be laid up for some time.

—The Grant Wirt farm of 150 acres, located 3½ miles north of Friendship, N. Y., was sold on Tuesday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to E. H. Dankt of Aurora, Bradford county, Pa. The deal included stock, crops and tools, and possession will be given October 1.

—The meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the M. E. chapel, Saturday Sept. 19, at 3 o'clock. Arrangements will be made for attending the Co. convention to be held in Bradford next week, and other important matters attended to. A good attendance is desired.

—Elisha Kent Kane closed his Kushequa mills last week, lack of timber being the cause of the shut down. Employes will have to seek other employment. Some will find work in the Kusheqna brick plant. All will be given a year's rent free in the houses owned by Mr. Kane in that place.

—The independent glass manufacturers are getting together. This week they are to hold several conferences in different cities of the country for the purpose of forming a consolidation to meet the window glass trust on equal terms. If present plans work out the new combination will be known as the Imperial Glass Company and will be capitalized at $2,000,000.

The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our hands, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

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Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

The Margin of Profit.

"There was a general storekeeper," said a Rounder, "who was forced to the wall by hard times and resolved to make an assignment. He figured out that he would be able to pay 10 cents on the dollar. With a certain wholesale land he had dealt pretty heavily with a load of his plight and came just to see him.

"'What!' the wholesaler shouted. 'Going to make an assignment! Pay only 10 cents on the dollar! A pretty state of things this is!'

"'Calm yourself, Mr. Wholesaler,' said the general storekeeper. 'It is true I am going to assign. Those hard times have played the very deuce with me. And it's true I'm going to pay only 10 cents on the dollar. But all your goods, it happens, are inflated. Not a case has been opened, and they shall be returned to you at once.'

"'What!' shouted the wholesaler, angrier than ever. 'Return my goods! Not on your life! I insist on my lawful 10 per cent, the same as the other creditors.'"—Washington Star.

Names of Flowers.

It is interesting to know how certain flowers got their names. Many were named after individuals. For instance, fuchsias were so called because they were discovered by Leonard Fuchs. Dahlias were named for Andre Dahl, who brought them from Peru. The camellia was so called for a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower to France from Japan. He called it the rose of Japan, but his friends changed it to camellia. Magnolias were named in honor of Professor Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful tree to France from America and Asia. Because it trembled with the wind is the meaning of anemone. The Latin word to wash is lavare, and lavender received its name because the Romans put the flowers into water when they washed to perfume their hands.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by constipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. This is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded. It does not constipate like most of the old fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and peevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drugs Law. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Magic and Poison Rings.

The ring began when man thrust his finger through a hole in a pretty shell and later learned to make rings of jet. The ring is very magical. Lord Ruthven, who helped to kill Riccio, gave Queen Mary a ring which was sovran against poison, and she generously replied with the present of her father's wonderful jeweled dagger, of French work, no longer in existence. Whether Ruthven's tooled with this magnificent weapon in the affair of Riccio or used a cheaper article is uncertain. At all events, Mary based on the ring that was an antidote to poison a charge of sorcery against Ruthven. The judges of Jeanne d'Arc remarked with much suspicion her little ring of base metal, a gift from her parents, inscribed with the sacred names Jesus, Marie.

It was usual to touch the relics of saints with rings. Jeanne d'Arc said that her ring had touched the body of St. Catherine, whether she meant of the actual saint or a relic of the saint, brought from Sinai to Fierbois. The ring might contain a relic or later a miniature. I fear that I do not believe in the virtues or vices of poison rings. Our ancestors practically knew no poison but arsenic, and Carthaginian science can scarcely have enabled Hannibal to poison himself with a drug contained under the stone of a ring.—Andrew Lang.

Our Debt to Champlain.

We of the eastern United States, and, above all, the dwellers in New England, owe to Champlain more than most of us imagine. Northern New York and New England were fields of his exploration, and it was he who charted the coasts of the north Atlantic nearly to Connecticut, making surveys that have not been greatly altered to this day. Three hundred years ago, at the point of Quebec, then covered with nut trees, Samuel de Champlain set his men to work to cut down these trees, saw boards, dig cellars and make ditches to construct a habitation. Before the coming of Champlain Canada had yielded to the French vast quantities of furs and skins and had enriched many a trader, but it remained for this great explorer to see in Canada something more than a mere granary for the trapper and trader—a home for people, a veritable new France. In the accounts of his voyages he described with enthusiasm the land, its people, its animals, its timber, its plants and its minerals, and on these products he based prophecies of a great future for this land.—Forest and Stream.

Imagination.

"Just slap down a sketch of a drunken husband striking his wretched wife in a home," requested the newspaper editor, interrupting the apartment of the lazy staff cartoonist.

The artist quickly complied and shoved it back to his chief.

"Don't you think it would fill out better if you were to sketch in a table and an empty whisky bottle?" inquired the editor, gazing at the bare figure.

"Oh, the readers will imagine the booze part of it all right."

"Well, how about adding a broken hearted wife and a couple of ragged children?"

"Unnecessary. The readers will readily imagine all that as part and parcel of such a scene."

"Then," ejaculated the editor, handing the sketch to him, "then the readers can imagine the drunken man."—Washington Post.

A Fine Dodger.

Gandy, a gallant and clever soldier in the war, and rarely liked for fear of many battles in which he had fought, one day after breakfasting at the table of Gen. Lee, said to the chief of staff:

"Tell Gallatin you went through all those battles?"

"Yes."

"And other shot and shell fell all around you?"

"Yes."

"And soldiers were falling and dying everywhere?"

"Yes."

"Well, grandfather, what a fine dodger you must have been!"—Pollinator.

Sharpening a Pocketknife.

Cutlers have certain rules for sharpening razors, pocketknives, etc. "A razor," said one of the craft, "must be laid flat on the hone, because it is hollow ground and requires a fine edge. But a pocketknife requires a stiff edge, and the moment you lay it flat on a stone, so as to touch the polished side, you injure the edge. It must be held at an angle of twenty to twenty-five degrees and have an edge similar to a chisel."

Quite Likely.

"I didn't see you at our euchre the other night," said the bachelor.

"No," replied the young Benedict, "as far as euchre goes with me now, I consider 'home' the right bower."

"That's all right while hearts are trump, but I suppose if clubs should turn up it would be the left bower."—Philadelphia Press.

Dangerous.

First Actor—I thought your next tour was to have been through South Africa. *Second Actor*—It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs two or three pounds.

Corrected.

"I wish I had never learned to play cards," explained a man who had been unfortunate at the game.

"You mean you wish you had learned, don't you?" was his wife's rejoinder.

Hatred is like fire. It makes even light rubbish deadly.—George Eliot.

Boss Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

He Told the Lawyer.

Lawyer S. is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn which figured in his last case.

"How long had the barn been built?"

"Oh, I don't know—about a year mebby, about nine months p'r'aps."

"But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built."

"Well, I don't know exactly—quite awhile."

"Now, Mr. B., you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell me how old this barn is, and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell me how old your own barn is? Come, now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know."

Quick as lightning the old farmer replied:

"You want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's just about as old as you lie, and the roof needs seeing to about as bad."

In the roar that followed the witness stepped down, and Lawyer S. didn't call him back.—London Globe.

An Acceptable Clock.

A well known professor sometimes became so much interested in his lecture that when the noon bell rang he kept the class five or ten minutes over the hour. Certain restless spirits among the students thought they would give him a gentle hint, so they bought an alarm clock, set it to go off precisely at noon and placed it on the professor's desk when they came in to the next lecture. They knew that he was a little absentminded, and expected that he would not notice it. As the noon hour struck the alarm went off with a crash, and those of the class not in the secret started and took in the joke at once. There was a round of applause. The professor waited until the alarm and the applause were over and then said: "Young gentlemen, thank you for this little gift. I had forgotten it was my birthday. An alarm clock is something my wife has wanted for our servant for some time. It is a very kind remembrance on your part." The professor then went on to finish a demonstration interrupted by the alarm.—London Tit-Bits.

Nanas in Alaska.

Life in Alaska is smooth in parts, but it has its refinements. In Valdez there lived a man named Jake, who kept a boarding house for dogs. When the prospectors returned from their sled trips they would place their teams in his charge until ready to start out again. As he fed his guests on garbage gathered by a house to house canvass, he was known by every one as "Slop Jake."

Once upon a time he fell ill, and the newspaper wished to chronicle the fact. No one, however, knew Jake's other name, and it didn't seem worth while to waste the time of the editorial staff on so insignificant a detail. So the news was printed thus:

"Our well known fellow citizen, S. Jake, is confined to his house with a severe cold. It is hoped he will be out soon."—New York Times.

Fooling the Beans.

A Yankee of the quaint old time type was preparing to bestow a coat of whitewash on his henhouse one spring long ago. He had completed the mixing of the whitewash, a writer in the Manchester Union says, and, looking round for something on which to try it, picked up a bean pole and ran the farm lounger, Absolom Ingalls, who was driving by, stopped his horse and called out: "Hello! What ye whitewashing bean poles for?"

"Thought everybody knew that beans grow better on black poles," returned the other without pausing in his work.

"Ye don't expect to make birch poles that way, do ye?"

"Mebbe not, but whitening of 'em'll make the beans think the poles are birch anyhow."

Origin of Cemeteries.

In ancient times burials were always outside the walls of a city or town. Indeed, before the time of Christianity it was not lawful to bury the dead within the limits. About the end of the sixth century St. Augustine obtained of King Ethelbert a temple of idols—used by the king before his conversion—and made a burying place of it, and St. Cuthbert afterward obtained leave of the pope (A. D. 752) to have yards made to the churches suitable for the burial of the dead.

The Little Ones.

It was a bright and very original little boy named Barber, who, upon hearing his father speak of "their neighbor, Mr. Wood and his children, the little splinters," and of another neighbor, "Mr. Stone and the little pebbles," remarked: "I suppose if they met papa they would say: 'Good morning, Mr. Barber. How are all the little shavers?'"

His Advantage.

"You can't spell long words like hippopotamus and parallelogram," said the little boy who wore spectacles and a sailor suit.

"Well," answered the boy who was leading a dog by a piece of rope, "dat's where I'm lucky. I don't have to."

Four Kinds of Trouble.

Judge—What have you to say as to the charge that while the husband of one woman you married three others? Bigamist—Simply this—that having four of a kind isn't what it is cracked up to be.

The man who gets loaded has a poor aim in life.—Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise.

Kodol will, without doubt, make your stomach strong and will almost instantly relieve you of all the symptoms of indigestion. It will do this because it is made up of the natural digestive juices of the stomach so combined that it completely digests the food just as the stomach will do it, so you see Kodol can't fail to help you and help you promptly. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

By the Name of "X."

In France, where great care is taken that men shall have no other name than that to which they are lawfully entitled, and where every citizen's name, profession, social condition and history are carefully recorded and his goings and comings are officially kept track of, some very curious incidents take place.

On one occasion a young man was arrested in Constantine, Algeria, on a charge of stealing money belonging to his employer. When it was sought to make a record of his name, it was found that he had no lawful name at all.

He had been "inscribed" at Bordeaux at the date of his birth, but his father and mother were not known, and the name of Lafonde, under which he had been inscribed without authority, he had since been forbidden by a court of justice to bear because it was not rightfully his. After having been forbidden the name of Lafonde he took that of Bruyton and was refused permission to bear that.

Nevertheless he managed to exist in some way without any name at all, but when, having been accused of taking some money that had disappeared, the law was obliged to take cognizance of him in some way he was entered on the lists of the court as one "X." And it was as "X" that he was sent to prison.—New York Tribune.

An Inspired Sculptress.

As a mere girl Miss Vinnie Ream, the sculptress, visited Rome, her soul filled with enthusiasm for music and art. On one occasion she was taken to one of Liszt's concerts and was fortunate enough to obtain a seat near enough to have touched him with her hand. As the great master played she listened rapturously to the wonderful music, entranced and forgetful of everything save the glorious sounds produced by his inspired touch.

At a pause Liszt turned and looked at her, and quietly, without a word, he leaned and overlaid one hand over hers and gently pressed it in silent recognition of the appreciation which glowed in her large black eyes and filled her whole being. At the close of the concert he turned to her and said, "My child, we need no introduction."

At her earnest request that he would sit for her he readily consented, and she modeled the bust from life, putting in the work the true artist's inspiration and power, which alone can give to it the touch of strength and life.—Interior Sun.

Not on the Programme.

Two stein-old Germans were enjoying their pipes and placidly listening to the strains of the summer garden orchestra. One of them in dipping his claret happened on a parlor match, which exploded with a bang.

"Dot vas not on the programme," he said, turning to his companion.

"Vat vas not?"

"Dot bang."

"Vell, I didn't see no match. Vat vas match I valked on?"

"Vell, I didn't see no match. Vat about it?"

"Vy, I vorked on a matteh, and it vent bang, and I said it vas not on the programme."

The other picked up his programme and read it through very carefully. "I don't see it on the programme," he said.

"Vell, I said it vas not on the programme, didn't I?"

"Vell, vat has it got to do mit the programme anyway? Explain yourself."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Nice, Easy Job.

The following advertisement recently appeared in an English newspaper: "Man required for demonstration purpose an old English rack (sure champion pattern) would have to be slightly stretched to show how rack worked. man should be short to start with."

Quite Fortunate.

New Girl (timidly)—I guess you are a fine cook, mum? Young Mistress—Bless me, no!—I don't know anything about it. New Girl (relieved)—Then we'll get along famously, mum. I don't either.—New York Journal.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH AND SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM

AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Sept. 17, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Senuemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE ORPHANS' CT.
FRANK H. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY E. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. SAMSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. ARMER
of Smethport
ALBERT CLARK
of Smethport

If you have [illegible] do it now. [illegible] on or before Saturday, Sept. 26, you cannot vote.

Three Coudersport young ladies are soliciting funds for Chedlyan's carnadian. It is a very charitable act on the part of the young ladies, but it is hard on their male friends, most of whom do not want Bryan at any price.

Increase of the hours of work at the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Altoona means that the railroad has more business. Railroads are active in proportion to the activity of the general business, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. Unless the people are producing and selling —exchanging products with each other —there is nothing for the railroads to do. They carry the products of the people to the markets. The larger the value of shipments the greater the number of shopmen needed to keep equipment in condition and the fuller their employment. The news from Altoona means that shipments have increased. The men have been working, the news dispatch says, only 30 hours a week since last November. Now the hours of labor are extended to 50 a week, and the extension affects 10,000 men. For several weeks, it is also said, the railroad has been putting additional men to work, until the number employed at the longer hours has reached the total mentioned. This is an index of the growth of general business. Slow but sure is the process of restoration. The pace would be more rapid but for the fact that this is the year of a presidential contest. Capital is timid and will not commit itself more than it must for fear of consequences. The election of Taft is all that is needed to completely re-establish confidence, and after the November election national prosperity will be restored in greater volume than ever.

From a long letter written by President Roosevelt to his friend Conrad Kohrs of Helena, Montana, who wrote to the President concerning Mr. Bryan's statement that he (Bryan) was Roosevelt's heir and natural successor, we clip the following: "The last few years have seen a great awakening of the public conscience and the growth of a determination to do away with corruption and unfair dealing, political, economic, social. It is urgently necessary that this great reform movement should go on. But no reform movement is healthy if it goes on by spasms; if it is marked by periods of frenzied advance, followed, as such periods of frenzied advance must always be followed, by sullen violent periods of reaction. The revolutionary and the reactionary really play into one another's hands, to the extent that each by his excesses necessarily tends to arouse such disgust, such a feeling of revolt, in the minds of quiet people, as temporarily to restore the other to power. To permit the direction of our public affairs to fall alternately in to the hands of revolutionaries and reactionaries, of the extreme radicals of unrest and of the bigoted conservatives who recognize no wrongs to remedy, would merely mean that the Nation had embarked on a feverish course of violent oscillation which would be fraught with great temporary trouble, and would produce no adiquate good in the end. The true friend of reform, the true foe of abuses, is the man who steadily perseveres in righting wrongs, in warring against abuses, but whose character and training are such that he never promises what he cannot preform, that he always a little more than makes good what he does promise, and that, while steadily advancing, he never permits himself to be led into foolish excesses which would damage the very cause he champions. In Mr. Taft we have a man who combines all of these qualities to a degree which no other man in our public life since the Civil War has surpassed. To a flaming hatred of injustice, to a scorn of all that is base and mean, to a hearty sympathy with the oppressed, he unites entire disinterestedness, courage both moral and physical of the very highest type, and a kindly generosity of nature—which makes him feel that all of his countrymen are in very truth his friends and brothers, that their interests are his and that all his qualities are to be spent with lavish freedom in their service. The honest man of means, the honest and law-abiding business man, can feel safe in his hands because of the very fact that the dishonest man of great wealth, the man who swindles or robs his fellows, would not so much as dare to defend his evil-doing in Mr. Taft's presence. The honest wage-worker, the honest farmer, the honest mechanic or small trader, or man of small means, can feel that in a peculiar sense Mr. Taft will be his representative because of the very fact that he has the same scorn for the demagogue that he has for the corruptionist, and that he would front threats of personal violence from a mob with the unquailing and lofty indifference with which he would front the bitter anger of the wealthiest and most powerful corporations. Broad though his sympathies are, there is in him not the slightest tinge of weakness. No consideration of personal interest, any more than fear for his personal safety, could make him swerve a hair's breadth from the course which regards as right and in the interest of the whole people."

[illegible]

A disastrous and [illegible] was the [illegible] of [illegible] the best schools of Buffalo and was greatly [illegible] as conductor [illegible] of the Conservatory of [illegible] probably unconscious hit.

Bath Not Popular in Spain.

In the quaint Spanish city of Toledo the traveler is shown upon the banks of the Tagus below Wamba's palace the alcove in which La Cava was wont to bathe until seen by Roderick, and her fate was none the happiest at the hands of the last of the Goths. To this day she is referred to as an awful example of the fate that awaits those who dare to bathe in water too often. The Spanish woman is none too fond in her use of water for personal cleanliness, preferring oil or some other medium.

Not Good at Riddles.

A lawyer was questioning a new client, a widow, the other day about her history. "My history," she replied, "is simplicity itself. My first was the happiness of my life, my second was goodness itself, my third"—

"Excuse me, madam," interrupted the attorney, "but really we aren't here to guess charades."

Sagacity Recognized.

"Our forefathers who framed the constitution were men of mighty intelligence."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I am sometimes tempted to believe that they knew as much about the constitution as some of the lawyers who have since interpreted it."—Washington Star.

The Sea Serpent Myth.

It is possible, even probable, that the sea serpent myth started in all good faith. In the southern seas grow the gigantic algae, the largest of which measure from 400 to 600 feet in length. These when rolled on the beach form enormous cables several hundred feet long and as thick as a good sized tree trunk. Such cables washed out to sea by storms may very easily have given rise to the fantamed but yet undiscovered sea serpent.—New York Amerikan.

[illegible] and [illegible] sacked and bruised from [illegible] skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts [illegible] relieved [illegible] with Pinesalve Carbolized (ace[illegible]ulfide). Draws out inflamma[illegible] 25c. Sold by Palace Pharma[illegible]hport, and C. A. Anderson, Co.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Small Farm Near Bolivar at Very Reasonable Price

Productive farm of 27¾ acres, located 1½ miles from Bolivar, N. Y., on California Run road. Land lays rolling, but nice to work. 15 acres stumped, 12½ acres in pasture and four acres in second growth chestnut and oak timber. Fair fences, watered by living springs, small orchard and berry garden. Six-room house, new four years ago and in good repair. One half mile to school, 1½ miles to creamery. This farm will carry four cows and team. Included with the farm is a wagon, drag, mowing machine and horse rake. Oil and gas right is reserved. Possession October 15. Price $1,600. Terms one-half cash, mortgage for balance. If you want a productive small farm near a live village, this will please you.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread.
Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice in Divorce.

[illegible] A. D. No. [illegible], Feb. Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lavern Goldsize did, on the [illegible] day of June 1908, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, [illegible]

[illegible] Term, to be held in Smethport, on the [illegible] Monday of November next, to answer the petition or libel of the said Lavern Goldsize, and show cause, if any you have, why the said [illegible] should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

[illegible] W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

M. A. White, Goldsize's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Clara Smith did, on the 9th day of December, last, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles A. Smith:

We therefore command you, the said Charles A. Smith that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Clara Smith and show cause, if any you have, why the said Clara Smith, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

Tait & Jones, Libellant's Attys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 141, Feb. Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Winnie Brewer did, on the 24th day of January, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Ellis Brewer.

We therefore command you, the said Ellis Brewer, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Winnie Brewer and show cause, if any you have, why the said Winnie Brewer, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

F. D. Gallup, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 96, Dec. Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Mary Hall did, on the 6th day of November, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Adelbert Hall.

We therefore command you, the said Adelbert Hall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October, next to answer the petition or libel of Mary Hall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Mary Hall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy,

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 8, 1908.

J. M. McClure, Libellant's Attorney.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal [illegible]. 50 cents.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$298,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He has a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain hand top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

FIRST SHOWING
—OF—
New Fall and Winter Clothing,

For Young Men, Old Men, Boys and Children, also a complete line of Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes.

For weeks we have been busy marking and arranging the large and well selected stock of new and beautiful apparel in Men's, Boys' and Children's wear. We are specially proud of our Young Men's suit display. We have the best suits made by the best makers.

Compare our suits with any to be had anywhere, then compare prices. Do this and you will buy your Fall Suit and Overcoat here. You can't help it; you know.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Smethport Lyceum.

ONE GREAT NIGHT
Thursday, September 17th, 1908
THE JOHN DUNSMORE OPERA CO.
presenting
"The Barber of Seville"
An Opera Comique in Three Acts.
First time in this country in English.

MME. MONTI BALDINI, World Famous Soprano — and — JOHN DUNSMORE, America's Greatest Singing Comedian

Supported by a Splendid Company of Artists including Roman Klekka, Pierce Ghesardi, Edward Lehay, Selina Winters and others.

Specially Augmented Orchestra under the direction of Jacopo Setaccioli.

Prices, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c
Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store, Saturday, Sept. 12, 9 a. m.

Marlin
A 6½ lb. field gun, light strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16. Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.
For quail and all game shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dust and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger.
Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the Marlin Booklet just issued. 72 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

$1.50 Excursion to $1.50
BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS
Sunday, September 20, 1908
via
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway.
Tickets good Two Days.
Special Train leaves Newton at 8:52 a. m.
For further information consult ticket agents.

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,		18c lb	

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

The Lindholm Co.

SHOE CLEARANCE

Our Annual Sale of Women's and Children's Oxfords starts SATURDAY, SEPT. 5th, and lasts until lines are closed.

This is an exceptional chance to finish out the season with neat, well-fitting shoes and, too, at a very moderate cost, or to anticipate early spring needs in the shoe line.

A special line comprising Queen Quality, Maloney and Clerice Oxfords, nearly all $3.50 shoes, closing at.....2.25

The Dorris line were $2.50, closing at.....1.48

These are all new, stylish shoes and in Patent and Plain Leathers, Tans and Browns. We are also including all Children's Oxfords and Sandals at a proportionate reduction. One line of Ladies' Shoes to be closed out entirely.

$4.00 shoes closing at.....2.98

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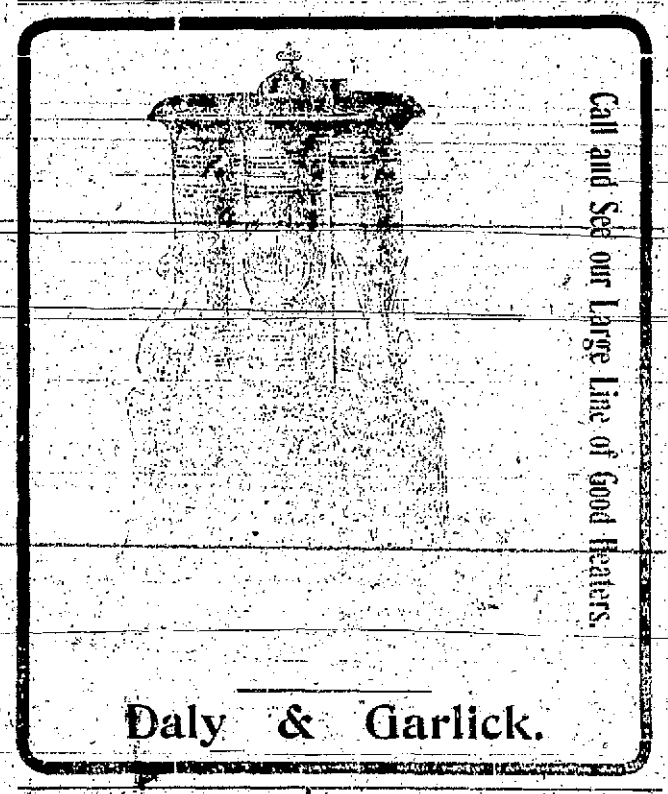
While in look at the new Patrician shoes for fall and winter. Some novel lasts.

The Lindholm Company.



Call and See our Large Line of Good Heaters.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1910

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Miss Bessie Engstrom is suffering from a sprained ankle.

—Roller skating is a popular amusement now and the rink is prospering.

—Chadwick's orchestra furnished music for a dance at Ormsby Friday night.

—Oscar Engstrom has added very much to the looks of his home by having it repainted.

—We hereby extend thanks to State Treasurer John O. Sheatz for a 1908 copy of Smull's legislative handbook.

—The Quebec (Canada) Daily Telegraph has favored us with a copy of its Tercentenary Number, which is a work of art.

—There is plenty of fun in "The Barber of Seville." Nothing finer in clean comedy is being presented to American theatregoers.

—The Northern Lights last Friday night attracted the attention of nearly everyone in town. The display was certainly beautiful.

—George Howe has been holding a series of dances at his hall this week, which have been largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

—The dances at the Lyceum Tuesday and Wednesday evenings have been a great success, being well attended by all who hugely enjoyed themselves.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m. The Rev. Joseph P. Gibson will officiate.

—Republicans should remember that Saturday, October 8, is the last day you can pay your taxes and be entitled to a vote this fall. Do not neglect this until the last day, but do it now.

—John Dunsmure, the noted basso is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, but has been in this country since the age of fifteen years. There is no more ardent son of Uncle Sam than Mr. Dunsmure.

—The new concrete walk that has been put in from the East street bridge to the Pennsylvania depot is a much needed improvement. All who assisted in the work are entitled to much credit.

—M. W. Heinlein will soon start the erection of a new home on East Main street. Mr. Heinlein expects to have the house enclosed before cold weather and have it ready for his family in the early winter.

—A beautiful Republican banner now floats in the breeze on Main street, between the Central hotel and H. W. Eaton's store. It is a full picture of William H. Taft for President and James S. Sherman for Vice President adorn this banner and anyone can see by the merry twinkle in their eyes that they are going to hear some good news early in November.

—One of the Macedonians who did the shooting at Colegrove on Monday of last week, came down to the house of a man named Stone, between Crosby and Colegrove, one night recently and procured a pail. He told the woman who met him at the door that he would be back some night to see Mr. Stone. But although the place has been constantly watched he has not appeared.

—Last Friday A. B. Armstrong showed the writer a day book which he kept when in the mercantile business back in the early 90s which proved that in those days prices on many commodities were a great deal higher than they are at present. Flour averaged about $3.75 per sack, tea was $2.00 per pound and kerosine oil sold for 40 cents per gallon. Other things were much nearer the present prices.

—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Prohibition party of McKean county Sept. 12 the party's candidates for Assembly were definitely decided upon. P. A. Walters of New City resigned and R. W. Hilton, the Democratic nominee, was put on in his stead. The legislative candidates of the Prohibitionists will be Elisha R. Kane for State Senate, and Dr. A. McAlpin and R. W. Hilton for Assembly.

—The drug store which has been conducted by L. K. Hogarth for several years past and was recently closed on account of bankruptcy, has been purchased by A. B. Armstrong who will conduct the business in the future. Mr. Armstrong has spent the greater part of his life in this branch of the trade and has always been successful. Mr. Hogarth has accepted a position in the store and will be pleased to meet his old friends.

—A young lady was quite seriously injured in Port Allegany Sunday evening in an accident caused by a horse becoming frightened at an automobile. The Misses Splain, who teach school in Liberty township in company with a gentleman, who was driving. The horse shied, breaking a thill and both young ladies jumped out. One struck on her head and shoulders, receiving painful bruises and the other received a compound fracture of the ankle which will lay her up for a long time. While the automobile driver could not be blamed for not stopping to assist those who were injured.

—At a meeting of the Smethport Hose company last Friday evening a committee was appointed to secure a steam fire engine, if possible, to be kept in Smethport during the water famine. S. E. Bell made an effort to get an engine in Bradford, but after getting permission to take the engine he found that it was so badly out of repair that it was not available. Up to the present time no other engine has been found.

—All persons owning carriages and automobiles are respectfully requested to be at the fair grounds promptly at one o'clock on Friday to take part in the big parade which is to start promptly at that hour. Mr. Wells, who has charge of the parade is desirous of making it a big feature and requests the help of every Smethport citizen. If the automobiles and carriages are decorated it will add much to the beauty of the parade, which includes all premium horses and cattle.

—The water supply, although very low, is still holding out in sufficient quantities for domestic purposes, but in case of fire there would be practically no water to fight it. The Water Company fully realizes that some provision must be made for the future, but nothing can be done at the present time, and the only thing that will help is to be as saving of water as possible. This condition is not local, a large percentage of the towns in this section being in as bad or worse condition than we are.

—Attorney D. H. Jack of Bradford was quite painfully injured in an automobile accident Monday afternoon while driving from Smethport to his home. In company with his law partner, Harry Wick, and his son, Harry Jack, who was driving the machine, he was going down the Red Rock hill when they met a team. The brakes would not stop the car quick enough so the machine was dashed. Mr. Jack was thrown out, receiving several painful though not serious bruises. The others escaped uninjured.

—The murder of John Barnett, which occurred in this borough on the night of August 25th, still remains a mystery and the chances are it always will remain a mystery. We do not know what is being done towards arresting and the perpetrators of this dastardly crime, but so far there is no surface indication that any progress has been made in this direction. The county commissioners should either offer a good detective to ferret out this crime or else largely expand the force of local officers now employed.

—Arvin Clark White died at the family residence on Mechanic street Sunday morning at the age of 16 years. Mr. White was born near Smethport and has passed the whole of his life in this vicinity. Besides his wife he leaves the following children: Mrs. Augustus Smith of Smyrna, Mich.; Mrs. Oscar Wise and Claire White of this place; Mrs. Warren Chandler of East Smethport; Mrs. Norman Marsh of Crosby; Mrs. Bryan Jacobus of Kansas; Mrs. Burt Oviatt of East Smethport; and Arvin and Lulu White of this place. The funeral service was held from the Church of Christ on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. [illegible] officiating. Interment was made in Evergreen cemetery.

—Persons in possession of [illegible] whose name we have been unable to learn, would do the language of the P. S. & N. train for St. Marys last Saturday night, between Clermont and St. Marys, and send up the same in regard to [illegible] for a few minutes. When the smoke of battle had cleared away it is said that two men had been wounded. One was shot in the forehead, the bullet entering about the edge of the hair and followed along between the scalp and skull, coming out about three inches from where it entered without inflicting a serious injury. The other man received a wound through the fleshy part of his left arm which is not serious. The dangerous Dago escaped from the train, but was captured later by a posse and landed in the Elk county jail.

—Friday morning at about 10:30 o'clock while at work on a gas lease near Halsey Station, William Kane of Mt. Jewett, Mark Crandall and William Vantine of Hazelhurst were badly burned. The three men, in company with Banks Brown, also of Mt. Jewett, were working on a well when in some unknown manner it caught on fire. William Kane was burned from the elbow to the tips of his fingers on both arms and hands as was also his face and neck. He was taken to the residence of Dan Black at Freeman, where his wounds were dressed, which are extensive, but not deep, and later in the day was brought to his home at this place. Mr. Vantine and Mr. Crandall also suffered similar burns, while Mr. Brown was fortunate in escaping the flames. —Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The startling fact that Kane is threatened with an epidemic of contagion at the very opening of our schools for the fall term, has only been proven to be too true. Scarlet fever has been traced to a family in West Kane, where there was no physician to make report to the health authorities, and the children being allowed to run about with the neighboring children before the danger of contagion had passed, as a result, others became sick and now several homes on the West Side are under quarantine, and more are apt to be. One death has resulted, that of little Racheal Daniel, who on Friday of last week was an attendant at the school on the West Side, but who was taken sick on Saturday, died Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and was buried privately on Monday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The certificate of death read scarlet fever.—Republican.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Harry Prill of Bradford was in town on Monday.

John B. Oviatt of Norwich was a fair visitor on Tuesday.

Mrs. Emil Jahn of Eldred is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

L. J. Bemor of Port Allegany has been doing jury duty this week.

A. G. McAllister and George Wilson are taking in the fair this week.

E. E. Eldridge, Jr., of Portville was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Miss Izetta Cheeseman of Olean was the guest of Mrs. Clayton Backus this week.

Mrs. B. D. Colegrove has returned from a visit to friends at Burlington Flats, N. Y.

A. M. Thamm of Bradford is serving on jury this week and renewing old acquaintances.

George Shephard of Fort Erie, Canada, is the guest of his uncle, H. C. Wells, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, drove in from Erie in their automobile on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clefton Burdick of Burlington Flats, N. Y., are visiting B. D. Colegrove and family.

Mrs. Herman Grabe and daughter, Pauline of Coudersport are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner.

Mrs. Sarah Wolfgen and Alfred Wolfgen of Philadelphia have been guests of their aunt and sister, Mrs. E. L. Keenan for the past week or ten days.

Married by Blood.

In the island of Bangney there is a tribe of Dusuns differing widely in language, religion and customs from other tribes dwelling that name. Marriages are performed in the forest in the presence of two families. There is no public gathering or feast. The rite consists in transferring a drop of blood from a bride's knife to the cut of the man's leg to a similar cut in the woman's leg. After marriage the man takes the bride to her home where he resides in future as a member of the family.

Legal Reporter.

[illegible] said the [illegible] opening his most [illegible] upon the [illegible] in his [illegible] slightly in [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] cried the threat of [illegible] unmanned. Detroit Free Press.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons, for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Kings Little Liver Pills for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Audison, Colegrove.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

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When WALK-OVER SHOES go on foot trouble goes off.

Let us also show you the newest in Fall Suits and Hats.

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FRY & COMES

OUTING FLANNELE
FLANNELETTES
FLEECED DOWN

The new fleeced cottons for fall are ready for you now. Cooler days and nights will soon demand the warmth and comfort of Outing Night Gowns, Flannelette Wrappers, Kimonos Dressing Saques, Etc.

Nowhere can you find a more complete stock of the newest patterns of standard makes than this store is showing—prices too you'll find are as low as the lowest.

1921 Outings 10c Daisy Flannels 10c

Arnold Superfine Flannelettes 15c

Vicuna Flannelettes 10c Veloset Fleeces 15c

FRY & COMES

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

FOUNDERS' WEEK, PHILADELPHIA

From October 4 to 10 Philadelphia will celebrate the 225th Anniversary of the City's founding by a series of remarkable events.

On Monday afternoon 25,000 soldiers, sailors and marines will parade. The Police and Fire Departments will parade on Tuesday afternoon, depicting their development from the early times. Wednesday afternoon will witness one of the greatest industrial parades ever seen in this country. Over 100 floats will illustrate the evolution of the City's industries. A great river pageant will be given on Thursday afternoon, in which 500 vessels including United States and foreign warships will participate. Fifteen thousand uniformed Red Men with historical floats will parade in the evening. On Friday the first great historical pageant ever given in America, illustrating by 40 floats and 5000 costumed characters the history of Philadelphia, will be the grand climax of the celebration. The P. O. S. of A. will parade in the evening. Saturday will be devoted to athletics, motor races, and Knights Templar parades. The city will be specially illuminated every night and a musical-historical drama "Philadelphia," will be given every evening on Franklin Field.

Special tickets to Philadelphia will be sold October 2 to 10, good to return until October 12, at reduced rates; minimum rate $1.00. See Ticket Agents.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

THE BLUE BOWL.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Beverly—really—knew nothing at all about old china, but after he saw the lady of the blue bowl at the front gate, with a yellow rose tucked into her shining brown hair, he became at once a worshiper at the shrine of old china—and of Clarice.

"The Claibornes are as poor as church mice," his landlady informed him when he asked about the people who lived in the gray mansion on the hill. "The neighbors roundabout here don't think that Clarice and her aunt have enough to eat, and yet they won't sell a thing. And they've got some old furniture that they could get most any price for, and their china—why, one man offered old Miss Claiborne $200 for a blue bowl, and she wouldn't take it."

"I wonder if I could see it?" Beverly asked, thinking of the girl at the gate.

"Maybe," said his landlady doubtfully. "They don't care to meet many people. They used to have money, and now that they haven't the old lady shuts herself up there and Miss Clarice doesn't see anybody."

But Beverly was not to be daunted, and three days later he knocked at the Claiborne front door.

Clarice answered the knock. She was even more beautiful than the first time Beverly had seen her in a faded gown of pink gingham.

"I beg pardon," Beverly said, "but my landlady has told me of a bowl—a blue bowl—I am interested in old china and hoped I might see it."

Clarice looked at him gravely.

"It's not for sale," she said, "and I am not sure that you can even look at it. I'll have to ask Aunt Matilda."

"Of course," Beverly agreed promptly, "and if you don't mind I'll sit on the porch while I wait and look at the view. It's wonderful. You must be able to see miles—"

"We can," Clarice said slowly, "and that's the worst of it."

He looked at her in surprise.

"Don't you like the view?" he demanded.

"I hate it," she said vehemently. "It's dreadful to look out into the world—but there is no use in—here—"

Then she blushed hotly.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she said. "I shouldn't have said that. I forgot I was speaking to a stranger."

"You are not speaking to a stranger," Beverly told her. "Just think for a moment that I am a long lost brother or the nearest neighbor or anybody that you'd have a right to tell your troubles to. Why I feel as if I know you better than any girl I've ever met, and yet we have seen each other only ten minutes."

Clarice sighed. "I feel that way, too," she admitted, "but now I'd better go and ask Aunt Matilda."

When she came down her cheeks were flaming.

"She says you can't see it," she said mournfully.

"Oh, can't I?" Beverly's tone was stubborn. "Well, I shall see it—and you—as often as I wish."

Clarice shook her head. "You don't know Aunt Matilda," she said hopelessly.

"I know her kind," Beverly stated. "I used to read about dragons and wicked step-mothers and such-like in my fairy books and of beautiful princesses shut up in castles. This will simply be bringing it up to date. And while I'm not sure that I will fulfill all the requirements of Prince Charming, I'll do my best."

Clarice gave him a dashing glance.

"Oh, I'm sure," she began, and then the smile froze as a voice came from above.

"Clarice, Clarice," it said, "come up at once."

"It's Aunt Matilda," Clarice said in a frightened tone and vanished.

Beverly bore himself jauntily as he went down the walk. What was a mere aunt to stand in the way of his intentions? He was thirty-two, rich and he had waited till these years to find the ideal woman. And here in this quiet town where he had come to rest and to fish he had discovered her, and he should marry her in spite of any old aunt dragon.

But as the days went on he found that it was not an easy thing to conquer Aunt Matilda. In the first place, he could not meet her. She was as invisible as a witch, and, except for her voice calling Clarice from behind the window curtain, whenever Beverly stopped at the gate there was no tangible evidence that she existed at all.

"You see, it doesn't do a bit of good for you to keep coming," Clarice told him desperately one morning when she met him on the way to the postoffice. "She always calls me away, and then she scolds and scolds. She says I haven't any pride." And her lips quivered.

"If I dared ask you to meet me somewhere," Beverly said, "but of course it wouldn't do."

"No," Clarice said, "I couldn't do that and—you see, Aunt Matilda gets crazier and crazier over her old china—and she ought to sell it. We haven't enough to be comfortable—we haven't always enough to eat."

"Oh, by Jove!" Beverly said. "I can't have her starving you, you know."

Clarice grew a little pale.

"I shouldn't have told you," she said, "but I have thought of a way for you to help"—

"I am always at your service," said Beverly gravely.

"Oh!" She looked up quickly. "I thought you might write to that man who wanted the blue bowl—I have his address, but I wouldn't dare write—and I could give you the bowl, and you could sell it to him, and then—then you could bring me the money"—

"I'll buy it myself," said Beverly promptly. "I have never wanted but one thing in my life more than I want that bowl."

"What's the other thing?" Clarice asked curiously.

Beverly looked down at her innocent face.

"Oh, well," he said at last, "I won't tell you until I am sure I can get the bowl."

"The man offered us $200," Clarice said hurriedly, "but I shouldn't expect that now. I think $100 will be enough."

"Well, see," Beverly stated. "If you'll bring it I can put a proper price on it."

"Come to the back door while I am getting breakfast," Clarice directed. "Aunt Matilda is always asleep then."

Clarice getting breakfast was wonderful. She wore an enveloping blue apron, and her sleeves were rolled back from her white arms. She was stirring the breakfast porridge as Beverly came in.

"I'd ask you to have some," she said, "but we haven't any cream."

"You will," Beverly told her and caught up a pasture pitcher, and presently he was back with a basket of strawberries, the cream and some rolls Clarice protested.

"Oh, you shouldn't"—

Beverly took both of her hands in his.

"Dear child," he said, "surely you will let me do such a little thing."

The blue bowl was, even to Beverly's untrained eye, a thing of beauty. He insisted that Clarice should let him pay the full $200, but she would not, and at last he made out a check for $100 and handed it to her across the table, and just at that moment a sepulchral voice came from the door way.

"Clarice, what are you doing with my blue bowl?"

And there stood Aunt Matilda, looking as wichlike as possible in her black dressing gown, with her gray hair falling about her shoulders.

Clarice shrank back. "Oh," she said, "I thought you were asleep!"

The old woman took a step forward. "I waked early," she said, "and went to look at my china. Something warned me. And the blue bowl was missing. Give it to me at once."

"But it's not your blue bowl," Beverly informed her. "Clarice has told me that it belonged to her father and was left to her with other pieces, and now she has sold it to me."

"Sold!" Aunt Matilda shrieked. "Did you dare?"

Clarice's head went up. "It was mine, Aunt Matilda," she stated.

"But it breaks the set," the old woman moaned. "Clarice, give him back his money and give me back my bowl!"

She clutched at the coveted piece but Beverly's hand restrained her.

"There is only one way Clarice can have it," he said.

"And that?" she demanded eagerly.

"You must let me marry your niece. She will then give you all the china, and I will settle an income on you so that you can live comfortably and hire a woman to stay with you. And then Clarice and I will go out into the great world together—Clarice!—"

He turned to the girl, and his eyes pleaded.

"Oh," she whispered, "but I have known you such a short time."

"What is time to us?" he asked. "My mother will come to see you, my sister, so that you may have no doubt as to my character, my circumstances, and, as for the rest, surely you won't send me away, Clarice?"

He held out his hands to her, and presently she came to him, and he put one arm about her protectingly as he turned to Aunt Matilda.

"And now," he asked, "will you take the bowl?"

Aunt Matilda's eyes glistened over it.

"Yes," she flung out.

"And I will take Clarice," said Beverly joyously, and as Aunt Matilda lugged her treasure to her breast he bent and kissed the lady of his heart.

Her Predicament.

A celebrated divine was to preach in a small village one Sunday where he had been several times. The family who entertained him had a little daughter who was usually fond of attending service. When the other members of the family were ready to go little Nellie firmly refused to go with them.

"I do not want to go to church," she declared.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked her mother, very much surprised. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I heard Parson D. before, and I do not like him," said little Nellie.

"Oh, Nellie, that is a very wicked thing to say," replied her mother. "Tell me why."

"Well," said Nellie, rather confusedly, "he preaches so long that I cannot keep awake, and he preaches so loud I cannot go to sleep, so there!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Truce of God.

In 1027 the bishop of Aquitaine declared that he had been made the recipient of a message from God ordering men to cease from fighting. From this resulted the "truce of God." The first arrangement lasted for seven years, but it was resolved that such peace should always prevail during the great festivals of the church and from every Thursday evening to Monday morning. The regulation was speedily extended over Christendom, confirmed by several popes and enforced by excommunication.—New York American.

Kodol will in a very short time enable the stomach to do the work it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When the stomach can't do it Kodol does it for it and in the meantime the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular natural work again. Kodol digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

BUYING THE WIND.

Iceland "Wizards" Who Used to Sell to Superstitious Mariners.

In the old days of sailing ships it was a common thing for a sea captain to "buy the wind" for his voyage though, strangely enough, the only people who seemed to deal in it were the Icelanders. When a ship was [illegible] had a [illegible] to [illegible] it was usual for the skipper of a big whaling or trading vessel to put in to Iceland for the sole purpose of purchasing wind enough to last him on his next voyage or two.

In every port in Iceland one or more "wind wizards" were to be found, who were ready to sell a favorable wind for the next six months or a year to any sea captain willing to invest in something he could not see. The sailor, having found his way to the magician's house, first proceeded to spread upon the floor the articles offered in payment for the wind—tallow candles, cloth, beads, knives, powder and lead. After a good deal of haggling and many things adding to or taking away from the little pile of merchandise between them the price was finally agreed upon, and the captain passed over his handkerchief to the Icelander.

The wind merchant muttered certain words into it, tying a knot in the handkerchief at the end of each incantation. This was done to keep the magic words from evaporating. When a certain number of knots had been tied the handkerchief was returned to its owner with a strict charge to keep it knotted and guard it with extraordinary care until he arrives at the desired port, and at each port a knot was to be taken out.

One old captain had been so bothered with head winds that he kept untying out to the Icelander to tie another knot in the handkerchief and another and another, so as to be sure of plenty of the wished for zephyrs, until finally there was no room for any more knots and three halves and thirty candles had been added to the heap on the floor. But when the wind greedy captain was two days at sea a terrific gale began to hurl the ship ahead of it, [illegible] increasing in fury until she plunged along under bare poles, with her lee rail deep in the brine and tons of water washing her decks. Darker and darker grew the sky, and higher and higher rose the racing, foam crested waves, hammering the laboring vessel with ponderous blows until her seams began to open under the strain and let in the sea.

Then, believing he had the devil in his pocket, the badly frightened skipper threw forth the untied handkerchief and threw it overboard. In a short time the tempest abated, the clouds rolled away, and the waters [illegible] The seamen never again [illegible] He was content with the wind that comes by chance.—New York Times.

French Oyster Gatherers.

The work of oyster hunting and culture is least unsuitable for women, but in France, owing to its tedious nature, it does not appeal to men. Often from an early hour in the morning till late into the evening the women are standing up to the knees in water, with a strong sun beating down on them. The result is that never a year passes without some of them going mad and having to be hurried away to the asylums. The work is well paid, as, indeed, it ought to be, while by the ease of the few who own beds the profits are large, and small fortunes are quickly amassed.

Paid For.

An Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whiskey. After being supplied he drank it and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:

Landlord—Here, sir, you have not paid for that whisky you ordered.

Irishman—What's that you say? Land lord—I said you hadn't paid for that whisky you ordered.

Irishman—Did you pay for it?

Landlord—Of course I did, Irishman—Well, then, what's the good of both of us paying for it?—London Tit-Bits.

The Swiss Republic.

The Swiss republic, with various changes, has survived from the year 1308, though its present constitution dates only from 1874. It now embraces three nationalities—German, French and Italian. The original nucleus of the state, however, was German, and even now considerably more than half the population is German. Federated under the constitution of 1874 are twenty-two cantons states.

He Preferred One Girl.

Wilson J. Barrie, the author of "Peter Pan," addressed an audience of a thousand girls at Smith college during his American visit of last year, a friend asked him how he had found the experience.

"Well," replied Mr. Barrie, "to tell you the truth I'd much rather talk a thousand times to one girl than to talk one time to a thousand girls."

Safety of the Stupid.

"Pliggins says that he has no regrets for anything he ever said."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "that is a satisfaction enjoyed only by people who never say anything of the least importance." Washington Star.

Hustle in Life and Death.

The American grows quickly, works quickly, eats quickly, makes up his mind quickly, gets rich quickly and dies quickly. He is even buried quickly.—Paris Revue.

Drive prejudices out by the door, they will reenter by the window.—Frederick the Great.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Mrs. Scarritt's Crusade.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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It is a dreadful thing to have a mission. Mabel Maitland found it a responsibility, and Roy Barnes declared it a bore, a fad and some other things to which he did not give vocal utterance in Mabel's presence.

To Roy it was a matter of supreme indifference whether women voted or not, but it seemed to Mabel that it was the vital question of the hour.

She attended all the suffragette meetings advertised and even formed a suffrage club among the girls of Cowdrey House, an establishment for self supporting girls in which she had made her home since the death of her parents.

The Cowdrey Suffrage club was at best a lukewarm organization. The girls had joined "for the fun of the thing," and Mabel had to work hard to hold her converts in line.

This prevented her from giving much of her time to Roy, and his opinion of the suffragettes was the natural result.

For five years he had begged Mabel to marry him, but even before the cry of "votes for women" became a fashionable slogan Mabel had promulgated ideas as to the independence of her sex, and Roy waited patiently while Mabel demonstrated her ability to earn her own living.

Then she had fallen under the influence of Mrs. Grace Brown-Hazzard and had been welcomed by the leader as an addition to the cause. The approval of this famous woman had the effect of making Mabel the more enthusiastic, and presently she was devoting every evening to the Cowdrey branch of the society, and Roy was left out in the cold.

It was the rule that all lights were to be out at 11 in Cowdrey House, but with the aid of candles Mabel would far into the night on the speeches that Mrs. Brown-Hazzard delivered and dragged herself unwillingly to her work—the following morning, sadly feeling the lack of sleep.

Mrs. Brown Hazzard found in her new disciple a valued assistant, and her demand for speeches that offered a departure from her own stereotyped thoughts was insistent.

The more she practiced the harder Mabel worked until at last the inevitable breakdown occurred and Mabel was forced to resign her position and go [illegible] where her vanity savagely ridiculed. The pile of manuscripts for her idol, however, increased apace.

Mrs. Scarritt, her new landlady, was much interested in the girl, and her protests against the manner in which Mabel was overworking were loud and emphatic.

"Better stop that foolishness," she argued, "and put some flesh on your bones."

"But the cause needs my work," cried the tired girl. "Mrs. Brown-Hazzard writes me that these speeches are doing a world of good, that I am making thousands of converts. Of course she flatters me there, for it is her magnetic personality that counts. I merely save her the worry of marshaling her arguments."

"Mrs. Brown-Hazzard?" mused Mrs. Scarritt. "I knew Brown married Ben Hazzard. You don't happen to know what your friend's husband's name is, do you?"

"It is B. Henderson Hazzard," responded Mabel.

"Named after his pa," explained Mrs. Scarritt. "I knew Mrs. Hazzard when she was Emily Henderson. We always did say that change of name—and not of letter—ment change for worse and not for better. It was Gene Hazzard that got the worst of it. My, but he was henpecked." Leaning over in the hollow Grace Brown walked right down the road a piece that first red house on your right as you go to the postoffice."

"She never said anything about having been born there," cried Mabel in surprise. "She did say in one of her letters that she knew that Cadyville was a beautiful place."

"Grace Brown ain't bragging about us, and we ain't bragging about Grace Brown," declared the old lady. "Grace always was a fraud," she went on. "She used to get me to write her compositions for her, and Ben Burrows used to do her sums. She never did anything that she could coax some one else to do for her. I must say that she had nice ways about her. She could coax even the teacher into giving her good marks when she'd been kept in after school the whole week."

"She is the leader in a great cause," said Mabel reverently. "She has devoted her gifts to a great battle, and she will win for us. We shall get the vote before long, and the name of Mrs. Brown-Hazzard will go down through the ages as the woman who worked this great revolution in favor of woman's rights."

Mrs. Scarritt sniffed scornfully, then she looked down into the deep blue eyes glowing with the fires of enthusiasm. Mabel's cheeks were thin and white, and there was a little quiver of the chin that bespoke nervousness. Only the eyes betrayed animation. Mrs. Scarritt laid her hand gently upon the girl's arm.

"There's just one real right that a woman has," she insisted softly. "That's the right to marry a good man and have him love and protect her. If she can get that she doesn't need to vote or do any of those fool things. She is content with her home and her babies. It's when she doesn't get the man she wants that she seeks the excitement of some fool crusade like this.

"I've lived fifty-three years, my dear. I never voted, and I never wanted to, and I guess Silas and I are about as happy a pair of old folks as there are in the state. I spoke of Ben Burrows a moment ago. Grace loved him; but she married Hazzard because his folks died and he came into all the money. Grace knew that he would be easy to handle, so she threw Ben over and married Hazzard. I'll bet she thinks of Ben yet sometimes."

Mabel shuddered as she recalled certain times at Mrs. Brown-Hazzard's when her husband had almost staggered into the room to cringe under her glance. Then there would come over the woman's strong, rather masculine face a curious look of regret, and Mabel wondered if Mrs. Scarritt had not spoken the truth.

"I tell you, dear," continued the old lady, "there is nothing to voting. Let the men vote all they want so long as they make good husbands. That's all I've ever asked of Silas. I don't believe in throwing over a good man for the sake of voting for the president and the town council and all that. Election day is only once a year, and you're married 365 days in that time. You can't be a good wife and go gadding around too. You have to take your choice."

"But when you have a mission to uplift your sex"—began Mabel. Mrs. Scarritt sniffed again.

"Uplift nothing," she said irritably. "You only lead 'em into mischief. Your mission is to marry and make some man happy and strong and a good citizen. That's the way to do your duty to your country."

Mabel turned away without answer. She was not used to ridicule except from Roy, and of course he was prejudiced. Here was Mrs. Scarritt making out her leader to be a selfish sordid woman who, having thrown away her happiness, sought forgetfulness in the excitement of a crusade. It was a bitter blow, and she resented it.

Mrs. Scarritt did not speak again and Mabel lay back in her chair, her tired eyes gazing upon the soft greens of the field and forest, touched here and there with the gold of the afternoon sun.

Across the road was another cottage with boarders. Its young bride, in whom the whole town seemed to take a personal interest, came out in her fresh white dress to watch for her husband. He came every Friday night and stayed until Monday, and the light was always waiting for him at the gate.

A rickety farm wagon rumbled past, a great covered affair, and from its recesses depths there sprang an athletic form. Almost before she could realize it the little bride was folded in strong arms, and together the two went happily toward the house, laughing over the man's joke.

Mrs. Scarritt touched Mabel's arm.

"Isn't that better than a vote?" she asked.

Mabel nodded as she rose from her chair.

"Going in to write?" asked Mrs. Scarritt.

"Yes," came the answer. "I want to write Mrs. Brown-Hazzard that I do not feel strong enough to write that speech she wants, and I want to write to Roy."

Mabel vanished indoors with a face of scarlet and Mrs. Scarritt smiled as she rocked vigorously back and forth. She had not known of Roy, but she had imagined that somewhere in the background there was some one. Like Mrs. Brown-Hazzard, Mrs. Scarritt was a resourceful and successful one.

His Revenge.

The disciples of some postoffice [illegible] clerks in London is proverbial. Occasionally, however, the fair creatures have a soft heart for an admirer.

An elderly Stockbroker entered a certain city office recently at the hour of closing and, asking one of the money order clerks politely to cash the postal orders, requested the presiding genius to issue him an order for 48 shillings.

"Too late," said the damsel curtly, pointing with an ink stained finger to the clock. The indignant broker stormed, raved and finally challenged the correctness of the timepiece. The imperturbable lady smiled.

The following afternoon two minutes before the closing hour the merchant again presented himself and calmly asked:

"Am I too late?"

"Only just in time," replied the damsel crossly.

"Thank you. Now, miss, I must trouble you to cash forty eight orders for 1 shilling each."

"F-f-forty-eight!" gasped the horror stricken woman. Her boss had just arrived and was standing on a table behind the screen. "Sir, you are joking!"

"Madam," said the stockbroker, raising his hat politely, "courtesy begets courtesy."—London Tit-Bits.

Making Literature Interesting.

"Oh, Mrs. Watts, you should join our literary society."

"Should I?"

"Yes, indeed. We study and learn so much. Last meeting we took up Carlyle's quarrels with his wife."

"It must have been interesting."

"Very. Next meeting we shall investigate the private life of Goethe and his love affairs."

"How instructive!"

"Yes and we have found out everything about Poe's dissipation and disreputable conduct and propose soon to thoroughly investigate the actions of Voltaire."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, there's nothing like a literary society to increase one's culture. You ought to join."—London Express.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 383, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. J. CURNESOMA, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHASE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ARNEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
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P. H. C.—Smethport British, No. 45, meets in every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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Phoenix Chapter, No. 19, O. E. S.—Meets second and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

Miss. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Miss. ELLA MCCULLOUGH, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. P. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. S. Ware, pastor. Preaching each sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"Sit down," was the sharp rejoinder, and a pistol was in his face.

SERGEANT FOYLE

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of "The Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," "The Ladder of Swords," Etc.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Say, ain't he pretty?"

"A jim-dandy—oh, my!"

"What's his price in open market?"

"Thirty millions—I think not."

Then was heard the voice of Billy Goat—his name was William Goatry:

"Out in the cold world, out in the street,
Nothing to wear, and nothing to eat,
Fearless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Child of misfortune, I'm driven from home."

A loud laugh followed, for Billy Goat was a popular person at Kowatin in the Saskatchewan country. He had an indefinable drollery, heightened by a cast in his eye, a very large mouth, and a round, good-humored face, also he had a hand and arm like iron, and was altogether a great man on a "spree."

There had been a two-days' spree at Kowatin, for no other reason than that there had been great excitement over the capture and subsequent escape of a prairie lover who had robbed the contractor's money-chest at the rail-head on the Canadian Pacific railroad. He had been caught 40 miles from Kowatin by the tall, brown-eyed man with the hard-bitten face, who leaned against the open window of the tavern, looking indifferently at the jeering crowd before him. He was not unpopular with them, but he had been a failure for once, and, as Billy Goat had said: "It tickled us to death to see a rider of the plains off his trolley—on the cold, cold ground, same as you and me."

This man, leaning idly against the wall, staring into the sunlight, and smoking a Mexican cheroot, had been, as Billy Goat said, "so dang successful" that they had a peculiar joy in his coming a cropper, as they had done in their time too often. They did not under-value him. If he had been less a man than he was, they would not have taken the trouble to cover him with their drunken rhaldry. He had scored off them in the past in just such sprees as this, when he had the power to do so, and used the power good-naturedly and quietly—but used it.

Then, he was Sergeant Foyle, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, on duty in a district as large as the United Kingdom. And he had no greater admirer than Billy Goat, who now reviled him. Not without cause. In a way, for he had reviled himself to this extent, that when the prairie-rover, Halbeck, escaped on the way to Prince Albert, after six months' hunt for him and a final capture in the Kowatin district, Foyle fastened the force before the commissioner could reproach him or call him to account.

Then he had made his way to the Happy Land hotel at Kowatin, to begin life as "a free and independent gent on the loose," as Billy Goat had said. To resign had seemed extreme; because, though the commissioner was vexed at Halbeck's escape, Foyle was the best noncommissioned officer in the Force. He had frightened horse thieves and bogus land agents and speculators out of the country; had fearlessly tracked down a criminal or a band of criminals when the odds were heavy against him. He carried on his face the scars of two bullets, and there was one white lock in his brown hair, where an arrow had torn the scalp away as, alone, he drove into the post a score of Indians, fresh from raiding the cattle of an immigrant trailing to the farther north.

Nettlewood Foyle watched the dust rising from the wheels of the stage, which had passed the elevator and was nearing the Prairie Home hotel far down the street. He would soon leave behind him this noisy ribaldry of which he was the center. He tossed his cheroot away. Suddenly he heard a low voice behind him.

"Why don't you hit out, sergeant?" it said.

A girl's face from the shade of the sitting room was looking out at him half-smiling, but with heightened color and a suppressed agitation. The girl was not more than 25, graceful, supple and strong. Her chin was dimpled; across her right temple was a slight scar. She had eyes of a wonderful deep blue; they seemed to swim with light. As Foyle gazed at her for a moment dumfounded, with a quizzical suggestion and smiling still a little more she said:

"You used to be a little quicker, Nett." The voice appeared to attempt movement, but it quivered from a force of feeling underneath. It was so long since she had seen him.

He was about to reply, but at the instant a scorcher rushed him with a foot behind the knees so that they bent quickly forward. The crowd laughed all save Billy Goat, who knew his man.

Like lightning and with gold fury in his eyes, Foyle caught the tall gentleman by the forearm and, with a swift, dexterous twist, had the fellow in his power.

"Down, down on your knees—you skunk," he said in a low, fierce voice.

The knees of the big man bent—Foyle had not taken lessons of Ogoni, the Jap, for nothing—they bent, and the cattleman squealed, so intense was the pain. It was break or bend; and he bent to the ground and lay there. Foyle stood over him for a moment, a hard light in his eyes, and then suddenly, as if bethinking himself, he looked at the other roisterers, and said:

"There's a limit, and he reached it.

"Hell, but you're a twister!" the gentleman said with a grimace of pain.

Billy Goat was a good-willing, after his kind, and he liked Sergeant Foyle, with a great liking. He turned to the crowd and spoke.

"Say, boys, this mine's worked out. Let's leave the Happy Land to Foyle Boys, what is he—what—is he? What—is—Sergeant Foyle—boys?"

Then, suddenly, the look in Foyle's face changed, the eyes swam as they had done a minute before at the sight of the girl in the room behind. Whatever his trouble was, that face had obscured it in a flash, and the pools of feeling far down in the depths of a lonely nature had been stirred. Recognition, memory, tenderness, desire swam in his face, made generous and kind the hard lines of the strong mouth. In an instant he had swung himself over the window sill. The girl had drawn away now into a more shaded corner of the room, and she regarded him with a mingled anxiety and eagerness. Was she afraid of something? Did she fear that—she knew not quite what, but it had to do with a long ago.

He reached out and took her hand with a strange shyness, and a self-consciousness which was alien to his nature. The touch of her hand thrilled him. Their eyes met. She dropped hers. Then he gathered himself together. "Glad to see you? Of course, of course, I'm glad. You stunned me, Jo. Why, do you know where you are? You're a thousand miles from home. I can't get it through my head, not really. What brings you here? It's ten years—ten years since I saw you, and you were only 15—but a 15 that was as good as 20."

He scanned her face closely. "What's that scar on your forehead, Jo? You hadn't that—then."

"I ran up against something," she said evasively, her eyes glittering, "and it left that scar. Does it look so bad?"

"No, you'd never notice it, if you weren't looking close as I am. You see, I knew your face so well ten years ago."

"You were always quizzing," she said with an attempt at a laugh; "always trying to find out things. That's why you made them reckon with you out there. You always could see behind things; always would have your own way; always were meant to be a success."

She was beginning to get control of herself again, was trying hard to keep things on the surface, for she did not know—you were meant to succeed—you had to," she added.

"I've been a failure—a dead failure," he answered slowly. "So they say. So they said—you heard them, Jo."

He jerked his head toward the open window.

"Oh, those drunken fools!" she said indignantly, and her face hardened. "How I hate drink! It spoils everything."

There was silence for a moment. They were both thinking of the same thing—of the same man. He repeated a question.

"What brings you out here, Jo?" he asked gently.

"Dorland," she answered, her face setting into determination and anxiety.

His face became pinched. "Dorl!" he said heavily. "What for, Jo? What do you want with Dorl?"

"When Cynthy died she left her $500 a year to the baby, and—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, Jo?"

"Well, it was all right for five years—Dorland paid it in, but for five years he hasn't paid anything. He's taken it, stolen it from his own child by his own honest wife. I've come to get it—anyway, to stop him from doing it any more. His own child—it puts murder in my heart, Nett. I could kill him."

He nodded grimly. "That's likely. And you've kept Dorl's child with your own money all these years?"

"I've got $400 a year, Nett, you know, and I've been dressmaking—they say I've got taste," she added with a whimsical smile.

Nett nodded his head. "Five years. That's $2,500 he's stolen from his own child—it's eight years old now, isn't it?"

"Bobby is eight and a half," she answered.

"And his schooling, and his clothing, and everything, and you have to pay for it all?"

"Oh, I don't mind, Nett; it isn't that. Bobby is Cynthy's child; and I love him—I love him; but I want him to have his rights. Dorl must give up his hold on that money—or—"

He nodded gravely. "Or you'll set the law on him?"

"It's one thing or the other—better to do it now when Bobby is young and can't understand."

"Or read the newspapers," he commented thoughtfully.

"I don't think I've a hard heart," she continued, "but I'd like to punish him—if it wasn't that he's your brother, Nett; and if it wasn't for Bobby. Dorland was dreadfully cruel, even to Cynthy."

"How did you know he was up here?" he asked.

"From the lawyer that pays over the money. Dorland has had it sent out here to Kowatin this two years. And he sent word to the lawyer a month ago that he wanted it to get here as usual. The letter left the same day as I did, and it got here yesterday with me, I suppose. He'll be after it perhaps today. He wouldn't let it wait long, Dorl wouldn't."

Foyle started. "To-day—to-day—". There was a slogan in his eyes, a

The lifeless figure in the chair.

setting of the lips, a line sinking into the forehead between the eyes.

"I've been watching for him all day, and I'll watch till he comes. I'm going to say some things to him that he won't forget. I'm going to get Bobby's money, or have the law do it—unless you think I'm a brute, Nett." She looked at him wistfully.

"That's all right. Don't worry about me, Jo. He's my brother, but I know him—I know him through and through. He's done everything that a man can do and not be hanged. A thief, a drunkard, and a brute—and he killed a man out here—I know it," he added hoarsely. "I found it out myself—myself. It was murder."

Suddenly, as he looked at her, an idea seemed to flash into his mind. He came very near and looked at her closely. Then he reached over and almost touched the scar on her forehead.

"Did he do that, Jo?"

For an instant she was silent and looked down at the floor. Presently she raised her eyes, her face suffused. Once or twice she tried to speak, but failed. At last she gained courage and said:

"After Cynthy's death I kept house for him a year, you know, taking care of little Bobby—I loved him so—he has Cynthy's eyes. One day Dorland—oh, Nett, of course I oughtn't to have stayed there—I know it now; but I was only 16, and what did I understand! And my mother was dead. One day—oh, please, Nett, you can guess. He said something to me. I made him leave the house. Before I could make plans what to do, he came back mad with drink. I went for Bobby, to get out of the house, but he caught hold of me. I struck him in the face, and he threw me against the edge of the open door—it made the scar."

Foyle's face was white. "Why did you never write and tell me that, Jo? You know that I—" He stopped suddenly.

"You had gone out of our lives down there. I didn't know where you were for a long time; and then—then it was all right about Bobby and me, except that Bobby didn't get the money that was his. But now—"

Foyle's voice was hoarse and low. "He made that scar, and he tried—and you only 16— Oh, my God!"

Suddenly his face reddened, and he choked with shame and anger. "And he's my brother!" was all that he could say.

"Do you see him up here ever?" she asked pityingly.

"I never saw him till a week ago." A moment, then he added, "The letter wasn't to be sent here in his own name, was it?"

She nodded. "Yes, in his own name, Dorland W. Foyle. Didn't he go by that name when you saw him?"

There was an oppressive silence, in which she saw that something moved him strangely, and then he answered:

"No, he was going by the name of Halbeck—Hiram Halbeck."

The girl gasped. Then the whole thing burst upon her. "Hiram Halbeck! Nett—Hiram Halbeck, the thief—I read it all in the papers—the thief that you caught, and that got away. And you've left the police because of it, and—oh, Nett!" Her eyes were full of tears, her face drawn and gray.

He nodded. "I didn't know who he was till I arrested him," he said. "Then, afterward, I thought of his child, and let him get away—and for my poor old mother's sake—she was fond of him in spite of all. She never knew how bad he was even as a boy. But I remember how he used to steal the brandy from her bedside, when she had the fever, and drink it. She never knew the worst of him. But I let him away in the night, Jo, and I resigned, and they thought that Halbeck had beaten me, had escaped. Of course I couldn't stay in the force, having done that. I couldn't. But, by the heaven above us, if I had him here now, I'd do the thing—I'd do it—so help me God!"

"Why should you ruin your life for him?" she said with an outburst of indignation. All that was in her heart welled up in her eyes at the thought that Foyle was—"You must not do it. He must pay for his wickedness, not you. It would be a sin. You and what becomes of you mean so much." Suddenly with a flash of purpose she added, "He will come for that letter, Nett. He would run any kind of risk to get a dollar. He will come here for that letter—perhaps today."

He shook his head moodily, oppressed by the trouble that was on him. "He's not likely to venture here, after what's happened."

"You don't know him as well as I do, Nett. He is so vain he'd do it, just to show that he could. He'd probably come in the evening. Does anyone know him here? So many people pass through Kowatin every day. Has anyone seen him?"

"Only Billy Goatry," he answered, working his way to a solution of the dark problem. "Only Billy Goatry knows him. The fellow that led the singing—that was Goatry."

"There he is now," he added, as Billy Goat passed the window.

She came and laid a hand on his arm. "We've got to settle things with him," she said. "If he comes, Nett—"

There was a silence for a moment, then he caught her hand in his and held it. "If he comes, leave him to me, Jo. You will leave him to me?" he added anxiously.

"Yes," she said. "You'll do what's right—by Bobby."

"And by Dorl, too," he replied strangely.

There were loud footsteps without. "It's Goatry," said Foyle. "You stay here. I'll tell him everything. He's all right—he's a true friend. He'll not interfere."

The handle of the door turned slowly. "You keep watch on the post office, Jo," he added.

Goatry came round the opening door with a grin.

"Hope I don't intrude," he said, stealing a half-leering look at the girl. As soon as he saw her face, however, he straightened himself up; he took on different manners. He had not been intoxicated as he had made out, and he seemed only "mellow" as he stood before them, with his corrugated face and queer, quaint look, the eye with the cast in it blinking faster than the other.

"It's all right, Goatry," said Foyle. "This lady is one of my family from the east."

"Goin' on the stage?" Goatry said vaguely, as they shook hands.

She did not reply, for she was looking down the street, and presently she started as she gazed. She laid a hand suddenly on Foyle's arm.

"See—he's come," she said in a whisper, and as though not realizing Goatry's presence. "He's come."

Goatry looked as well as Foyle. "Halbeck—the devil!" he said.

Foyle turned to him. "Stand by Goatry. I want you to keep a shut mouth. I've work to do."

Goatry held out his hand. "I'm with you. If you get him this time, clamp him, clamp him like a tooth in a harrow."

Halbeck had stopped his horse at the post office door. He dismounted, looked quickly round, then drew the reins over the horse's head, letting them trail, as is the custom of the west.

A few swift words passed between Goatry and Foyle.

"I'll do this myself, Jo," he whispered to the girl presently. "Go into another room. I'll bring him here."

In another minute Goatry was leading the horse away from the post office while Foyle stood waiting quietly at the door. The departing footsteps of the horse brought Halbeck swiftly to the door, with a letter in his hand.

"Hi, there, you damned sucker!" he called, and then saw Foyle waiting.

"What the hell—" he said fiercely, his hand on something in his hip pocket.

"Keep quiet, Dorl. I want to have a little talk with you. Take your hand away from that gun—take it away," he added with a meaning not to be misunderstood.

Halbeck knew that one shout would have the town on him, and he did not know what card his brother was going to play. He let his arm drop to his side. "What's your game? What do you want?" he asked surlily.

"Come over to the Happy Land," Foyle answered, and in the light of what was in his mind his words had a grim irony.

With a snarl Halbeck stepped out. Goatry, who had handed the horse over to the hostler, watched them coming.

"Why did I never notice the likeness before?" he said. "But, gosh! what a difference in the men. Foyle's going to double clinch him this time, I guess."

He followed them inside the hall of the Happy Land. When they stepped into the sitting room, he stood at the door waiting. The hotel was entirely empty, the roisterers at the Prairie Home having drawn off the idlers and spectators. The barman was nodding behind the bar, the proprietor was moving about in the back yard inspecting a horse. There was a cheerful warmth everywhere, the air was

"Come away, come away, Jo"

like an elixir, the pungent smell of a pine tree in the door gave a kind of medicament to the indrawn breath. And to Billy Goat, who sometimes sang in the choir of a church not a hundred miles away—for people agreed to forget his occasional sprees—there came, he knew not why, the words of a hymn he had sung only the preceding Sunday:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase—"

The words kept ringing in his ears as he listened to the conversation inside the room—the partition was thin, the door thinner, and he heard much. Foyle had asked him not to intervene, but only to stand by and await the issue of this final conference. He meant, however, to take a hand in, if he thought he was needed, and he kept his ear glued to the door. If he thought Foyle needed him—his fingers were on the handle of the door.

"Now, hurry up! What do you want with me?" asked Halbeck of his brother.

"Take your time," said ex-Sergeant Foyle, as he drew the blind three-quarters down, so that they could not be seen from the street.

"I'm in a hurry, I tell you. I've got my plans. I'm going s— I've only just time to catch the I—dian Pacific three days from h— riding hard."

"You're not going south, Dorl."

"Where am I going, then?" was the sneering reply.

"Not farther than the Happy Land."

"What the devil's all this? You don't mean you're trying to arrest me again—after letting me go?"

"You don't need to ask. You're my prisoner. You're my prisoner," he said in a louder voice—"until you free yourself!"

"I'll do that damn quick, then," said the other, his hand flying to his hip.

"Sit down," was the sharp rejoinder, and a pistol was in his face before he could draw his own weapon.

"Put your gun on the table," Foyle said quietly. Halbeck did so. There was no other way.

Foyle drew it over to himself. His brother made a motion to rise.

"Sit still, Dorl!" came the warning voice.

White with rage, the freebooter sat still, his dissipated face and heavy angry lips looking like a debauched and villainous caricature of his brother before him.

"Yes, I suppose you'd have potted me, Dorl," said the ex-sergeant. "You'd have thought no more of doing that than you did of killing [illegible] ranchman; than you did of trying to ruin Jo Byndon, your wife's sister, when she was 16 years old, when she was caring for your child—giving her life for the child you brought into the world."

"What in the name of hell—it's a lie!"

"Don't bluster. I know the truth."

"Who told you—the truth?"

"She did—to-day—an hour ago."

"She here—out here?" There was a new cowed note in the voice.

"She is in the next room."

"What did she come here for?"

"To make you do right by your own child. I wonder what a jury of decent men would think about a man who robbed his child for five years, and let that child be fed and clothed and cared for by the girl he tried to destroy, the girl he taught what sin there was in the world."

"She put you up to this—she was always in love with you, and you know it."

There was a dangerous look in Foyle's eyes, and his jaw set hard. "There would be no shame in a decent woman caring for me, even if it was true. I haven't put myself outside the boundary as you have. You're my brother, but—you're—the worst scoundrel in the country—the worst unhanged. Put on the table there the letter in your pocket. It holds $500 belonging to your child. There's $2,500 more to be accounted for."

The other hesitated, then with an oath threw the letter on the table. "I'll pay the rest as soon as I can, if you'll stop this damned tomfoolery," he said sullenly, for he saw that he was in a hole.

"You'll pay it, I suppose, out of what you stole from the C. P. R. contractor's chest. No, I don't think that will do."

"You want me to go to prison, then?"

"I think not. The truth would come out at the trial—the whole truth—the murder, and all. There's your child Bobby. You've done him enough wrong already. Do you want him—but it doesn't matter whether you do or not—do you want him to carry through life the fact that his father was a jailbird and a murderer, just as Jo Byndon carries the scar you made when you threw her against the door?"

"What do you want with me, then?" The man sank slowly and heavily back into the chair.

"There is a way—have you never thought of it? When you threatened others as you did me, and life seemed such a little thing to others—can't you think?"

Bewildered, the man looked around helplessly. In the silence which followed Foyle's words his brain was struggling to see a way out. Foyle's further words seemed to come from a great distance.

"It's not too late to do the decent thing. You'll never repent of all you've done—you'll never do different—you never would."

The old reckless, irresponsible spirit revived in the man; he had still courage and bravado, he was not hopeless yet of finding an escape from the net. He would not beg, he would struggle.

"I've lived as I meant to, and I'm not going to snivel or repent now, it's all a rotten business, anyhow," he replied.

With a sudden resolution the ex-sergeant put his own pistol in his pocket, then pushed Halbeck's pistol over toward him on the table. Halbeck's eyes lighted eagerly, grew red with excitement, then a change passed over them. They now settled on the pistol and stayed.

He heard Foyle's voice. "It's with you to do what you ought to do. Of course you can kill me. My pistol's in my pocket. But I don't think you will. You've murdered one man. You won't load your soul up with another. Besides, if you kill me, you will never get away from Kowatin alive. But it's with you—take your choice. It's me or you."

Halbeck's fingers crept out and found the pistol.

"Do your duty, Dorl," said the ex-sergeant as he turned his back on his brother.

The door of the room opened, and Goatry stepped inside softly. He had work to do, if need be, and his face showed it. Halbeck did not see him.

There was a demon in Halbeck's eyes, as his brother stood, his back turned, taking his chances. A large mirror hung on the wall opposite Halbeck. Goatry was watching Halbeck's face in the glass, and saw the danger. He measured his distance.

All at once Halbeck caught Goatry's eyes in the mirror. The dark devilry faded out of his eyes. His lips moved in a whispered oath. Every way was blocked.

With a sudden wild resolution he raised the pistol to his head. It cracked, and he fell back heavily in the chair. There was a red trickle at the temple.

"He had the pluck," said Goatry, as Foyle swung around with a face of misery.

A moment afterward came a rush of people. Goatry kept them back.

"Sergeant Foyle arrested Halbeck, the robber, and Halbeck's shot himself," Goatry explained to them.

A white-faced girl with a scar on her temple made her way into the room.

"Come away—come away, Jo," said the voice of the man she loved; and he did not let her see the lifeless figure in the chair.

Three days later the plains swallowed them, as they made their way with Billy Goatry to the headquarters of the Riders of the Plains, where Sergeant Foyle was requested to reconsider his resignation. Which he did. And henceforth he did not travel the trail of life alone.

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After a South African Storm.

With the breaking of the day I went outside. The country was unrecognizable. The land and the scenery which I had known for years were entirely altered. The very hills, piled high with white hailstones, were a different shape, and torrents of muddy water poured down from all sides. And when the red sun rose into a clear bright sky the scene of ruin and desolation was awful to look at. Buildings had been hurled to the ground and were nothing more than hills of hailstones. A large dam I had spent two years in making had been completely swept away. In another dam which had remained unbroken the hailstones had accumulated and piled themselves up over twenty feet in height. There was not a sign of water in this huge dam, just a huge pile of frozen hailstones.—Wide World Magazine.

A Famous Year.

It is contended that the year 1809 gave more celebrities and persons of genius to the world than any other year of the nineteenth century. Among those who were born in that memorable year were Abraham Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Ewart Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Lord Houghton, Alfred Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, Professor Blackie, Mary Cowden Clarke and Felix Mendelssohn.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1903,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post on the east bank of Potato Creek; thence east one hundred and sixty-four and one-tenth perches; thence south fifty-one and five-tenths perches; thence one hundred forty-four and five-tenths perches to the creek; thence down the creek by the several courses and distances thereof to the place of beginning, being lot No. 109 of the allotment of Keating lands in Keating township and part of Warrants Nos. 3083 and 3084, containing fifty acres more or less.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house, one frame barn, one well of water, one orchard, mostly improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Carrie A. Oviatt, Adm'x of the estate of Catherine M. Oviatt, late of Keating township, Pa., and Carrie A. Oviatt, terretenant, at the suit of Fred W. Brownell, Adm'r of the estate of Miller O. Stickles, &c.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of land conveyed by A. M. Benton to the church; thence south sixty-nine (69) degrees west sixteen (16) perches to a post, the northeast corner of land conveyed to Samuel Cummings; thence by the Wurtzburg line north twenty-seven (27) degrees west five (5) perches to the southwest corner of a lot of M. T. Rice; thence along the south line of said lot north sixty-nine (69) degrees east seventeen (17) perches to the northeast corner of said lot; thence by the line of the street south twenty-one (21) degrees east perches to the place of beginning. Containing eighty (80) square rods of land to the same more or less.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of T. S. Tuttle at the suit of Mrs. Louisa Dolley.

C. W. Catlin, plaintiff's attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that piece parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit: Beginning in the center of the road at a post standing in the south line of land conveyed by Keating et al. to Thomas Bennett as No. 1381; thence by said road south thirty-six and one-half degrees west forty-three and six-tenths perches to a post corner; thence south one hundred and three perches to a beech corner standing in the north line of lot No. 84; thence west one hundred forty-five and four-tenths perches to a post corner of lot No. 85; thence north one hundred and three-eight perches to a post corner of land conveyed by Charles Bell lot No. 100; thence east one hundred seventy-seven and six-tenths perches to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred twenty-seven and nine-tenths acres of land, strict measure, more or less, excepting about nine acres deeded to Wallace Vandermark, off the north end, and twenty-five acres deeded to Mary Ann Riley as will appear of records.

Improved and having thereon one frame dwelling house, 1 frame barn, several springs of water, about 30 acres cleared.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. S. and Arthur C. Tuttle of Grish T. Vandermark, and Diana Vandermark, his wife, late of Ceres township, Pa., defendant, and Thomas Franklin Daley, terretenant at the suit of John J. Roberts.

E. R. Mayo & Son, plaintiff's attorneys.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 4156, being lot No. 81 Greeves street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of Greeves street two hundred (200) feet eastward from the southeast corner of Greeves and Harker streets; thence by the said south line of Greeves street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) north seventy degrees east fifty (50) feet; thence by land now or formerly of Bissell Brothers south twenty degrees east one hundred eighty (180) feet; thence south seventy degrees west fifty feet; thence by land formerly of B. L. Campbell north twenty degrees west one hundred eighty (180) feet to the place of beginning. Containing nine thousand (9000) square feet more or less and being the same premises conveyed by Abraham Weiner, Executor of the last will and testament of Annie J. Weiner, deceased, to the said Fred L. Marvin by deed dated August 27th, 1904, and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds of McKean county in Deed Book Vol. 125, at page 904, etc. This conveyance is expressly made and accepted under and subject to all and singular the exceptions, reservations, conditions and restrictions in the said deed, or the deed from Elizabeth D. Kane, to said Annie J. Weiner for said premises, mentioned or contained, as the same, reference thereto being had, will more fully and at large appear.

Improved and having thereon, one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jacob Cringwood at the suit of M. & L. Schiever.

H. E. Shaffer, plaintiffs' attorney.

5.

Defendant's interest in all the following described real estate, to-wit:—

First: All that certain piece, parcel or lot land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being part of Warrant No. 4156, lot No. 30 Sedgwick street, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the south line of Sedgwick street one hundred and two (102) feet eastward of the southeast corner of Sedgwick and Dawson streets; thence by the south line of Sedgwick street (thirty feet from the center line thereof) north seventy degrees east forty feet (N. 70 deg. E. 40 ft.) to the corner of the Planing Mill lot; thence by said Planing Mill lot south twenty degrees east about one hundred and ninety feet (S. 20 deg. E. abt. 190 ft.) to the southwest corner thereof, on the north line of old right of way of K. C. & K. R. R.; thence by said north line of right of way (ten feet from the center thereof) southwardly to a point on the east line of an alley parallel to Dawson street; thence by same north twenty degrees west about two hundred and thirty-five feet (N. 20 deg. W. abt. 235 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing eighty-five hundred square feet (8500) sq. ft. of land more or less. Subject to the reservations and restrictions in deed from Elizabeth D. Kane.

Second. All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land on Sedgwick street, Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the south line of Sedgwick street two hundred feet (200) ft eastward of the southeast corner of Sedgwick street and Dawson street; thence by the south line of Sedgwick street (thirty feet from the center thereof) north seventy degrees east one hundred and fifty-one feet (N. 70 deg. E. 151 ft.) to a post on the west line of right of way of K. C. & K. R. R.; thence by said line of right of way (ten feet from the center of track) southward about two hundred and forty-five feet (245 ft.) to a post; thence parallel to Dawson street north twenty degrees west about one hundred and ninety feet (N. 20 deg. W. abt. 190 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing 2853 square feet, more or less. Subject to the reservations and restrictions in deed from Elizabeth D. Kane.

Improved and having thereon, one one-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. R. Shaffer at the suit of H. E. Shaffer.

H. E. Shaffer, plaintiff's attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the southwest corner of lot No. 59 on Cole avenue as per map and survey of J. A. Seymour and running along the north side of said Cole avenue twenty-four and three-fourths (24¾) feet west; thence north at right angles with Cole avenue eighty-six and eight-tenths (86 8-10) feet; thence east on a line parallel with Cole avenue twenty-four and three-fourths (24¾) feet to the northwest corner of lot No. 58; thence south eighty-six and eight-tenths (86 8-10) feet to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 60 as per survey and map of J. A. Seymour, surveyor, recorded in Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pa., June 11, 1895.

Improved and having thereon, one one-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Ella Jones at the suit of John A. Fitzgibbon, Administrator.

Healy & Fitzgibbon, plaintiff's attorneys.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, (formerly Township of Foster) County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a post and stones sixty-seven and six-tenths rods north of the northwest corner of Warrant No. 3108(3); thence north sixty-three rods and thirteen links to a post and stones; thence east two hundred and three rods to an iron post in the west side of the highway; thence south by the west line of the highway sixty-six rods and four links to an iron post in the north line of lands of Junius R. Clark; thence west two hundred and three rods to the place of beginning. Containing eighty-two and one-half acres more or less. Being lot No. 9 on Warrant No. 3480(2) and being part of the same land conveyed to Joseph S. Seward by Keating & Lyon, by deed dated June 21, 1873, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. 1, Aug. 6th, 1879. Being also the same land conveyed to said party of the first part hereto by Joseph S. Seaward and wife by deed dated December 5th, 1887. Excepting and reserving nevertheless out of the said lands certain lots or portions thereof heretofore conveyed by said party of the first part to the following persons, to-wit: Lot containing eight acres conveyed to Martha Hurd by deed dated Feb. 9, 1888, Lot 72.0 ft. x 208 ft., conveyed to C. J. Heinzman by deed dated May 11, 1896, Lot 60 ft. x 165 ft., conveyed to Nellie V. Clark by deed dated November 19, 1900, Lot 40.5 x 180 ft., conveyed to Fred Leroy Seaward by deed dated March 23, 1897, Lot 60 ft. x 88 ft., conveyed to H. E. Allen by deed dated May 21, 1898, Lot 88 ft. x 118 ft., conveyed to Christine E. Allen by deed dated May 21, 1902, Lot 50ft. x 180 ft., conveyed to Algernan G. Seaward by deed dated March 24, 1897, Lot 175 ft. x 180 ft., conveyed to Charles M. Cross by deed dated April 1, 1899, Lot 50 ft. x 180 ft., conveyed to Mary M. McCleary by deed dated July 21, 1897, Lot 50 ft. x 180 ft., conveyed to Hulah Seaward by deed dated about April 14, 1902, Lot 50 ft. x 180 ft., conveyed to Alma J. Seaward by deed dated about April 14, 1902. All the lands above excepted leave lot 37 x 83 conveyed to H. E. Allen fronting on Seaward Avenue. Subject to a lease for oil purposes.

Improved and having thereon, one one and one-half story frame dwelling house with ell attached, two frame barns and usual outbuildings, two good orchards, nearly all cleared.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Levi Seward at the suit of A. D. Longfellow.

H. H. Jack, plaintiff's attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point at the southwest corner of land of McDonald; thence running westerly parallel with Pleasant street fifty feet to a point; thence northerly parallel with the land of Warrick one hundred and fifty feet, parallel with Pleasant street to land of McDonald; thence southerly parallel with the westerly line of McDonald land, two rods to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to the party of the first part by M. J. Barlow, et al., by Deed dated March 25th, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean C unty, in Deed Book, Vol. 75, page 307, etc., and subject to the reservation contained in said deed. Also, all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point in the north side of Pleasant street at southeast corner of land deeded by M. J. Barlow and J. S. Barlow, her husband, and Moses Sullivan to Mary Mayo by Deed dated 29th of August, 1901, recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 79, page 530, etc.; thence running northerly one hundred feet parallel with Mayo's east line to a point in the west line of Wurtzburg land; thence east parallel with said south line of Wurtzburg fifty feet more or less to an iron post, northwest corner of lands owned by John Canty, thence southerly along the west line of said John Canty and Jessie Nelson lands one hundred feet to north line of Pleasant street; thence westerly parallel with north line of Pleasant street fifty feet more or less to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to party of the first part by Joseph Umpstead and wife by deed dated December 20th, 1876, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 60, page 288, etc., and subject to the reservations contained in said deed. Also all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Bradford City, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron post at the northwest corner of Jessie Nelson lot, thirty-three (33) feet north from the north line of Pleasant street; thence northerly fifty-three (53) feet; thence easterly fifty-four (54) feet along Taylor & Sullivan's land to a point; thence easterly fifty-four (54) feet along Taylor & Sullivan's land and McCrea lot to a point in the southwest corner of Smith lot; thence southeasterly along the west line of land of Smith and Hicks land 4 rods to an iron post in the southwest corner of Dennis & Booth lot; thence southerly along the westerly line of McDonald lot (sold by T. Warrick) twenty-nine and seventy five one-hundredths (29 75-100) feet to an iron post in the southwest corner of said McDonald lot; thence west parallel with Pleasant street along the north line of land of John Canty and Jessie Nelson eighty-nine (89) feet to the place of beginning; and being the same property conveyed to party of the first part by T. J. Warrick and wife by deed dated July 26th, 1895, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 81, page 213, &c., and subject to the reservations contained in said deed. Also all the following certain piece of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the south line of land of T. J. Warrick three feet east of the northwest corner of lot now owned by John Canty, running thence east parallel to, and thirty-three feet from the north line of Pleasant street, thirty-five feet to a corner of lot sold by Warrick to Donald McDonald; thence northerly along said McDonald's west line twenty-nine and one-half feet to an iron pin in the easterly line of Warrick's lot; thence west parallel to Pleasant street twenty-nine and two-tenths feet; thence southerly twenty-nine and three-tenths feet to the place of beginning. Containing 926 square feet; and being the same property conveyed to party of the first part by Thomas Warrick, et al., by Quit Claim deed dated January 30th, 1895, recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 81, page 213, subject to the reservations contained in said Deed.

Improved and having thereon, Two two-story frame dwelling houses, One two and one-half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Canty at the suit of Daniel D. Kervin, surviving partner of Healy & Fitzgibbon and Brown, Schoonmaker & Ryan, Plaintiff's attorneys.

9.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a post in the west line of High street nine hundred and eighty and eight-tenths (980.8) feet southerly from the point of intersection of the south line of Elm street and the said west line of High street, said post being the southeast corner of lot deeded to Mary McFarland; thence westerly at right angles with High street one hundred (100) feet to a point; thence southerly parallel with High street forty (40) feet to a point; thence easterly at right angles with High street one hundred (100) feet to a point in the west line of High street; thence northerly along the west line of High street forty (40) feet to the place of beginning, being the same land this day conveyed to said party by Deed from Mary J. Anderson and husband.

Improved and having thereon One two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs. Frances M. Rapp at the suit of George A. Hickman, Guardian, now for use of L. M. Wetmore Pharmacal Company.

James George, Plaintiff's attorney.

GEORGE W. MARTENS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. 14, 1903.

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